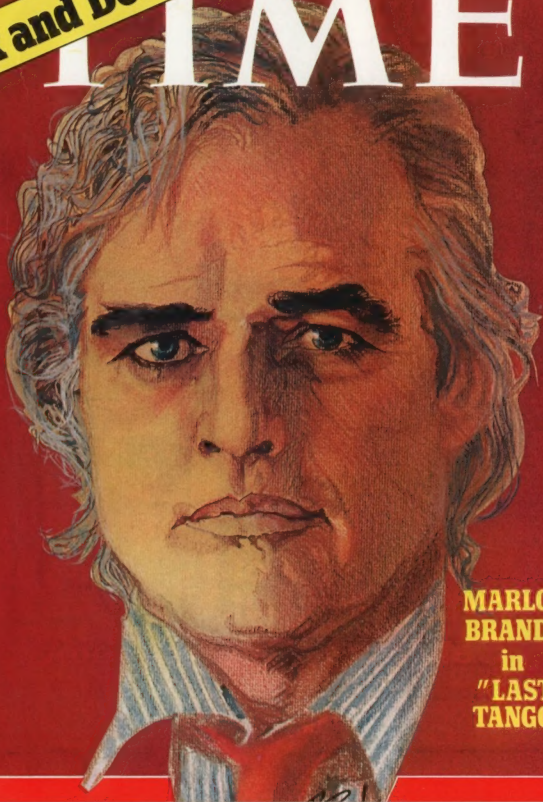


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Mazda presents an unusual alternative to the ordinary "performance" car.

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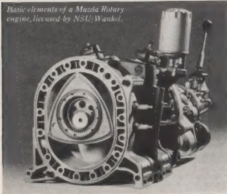
on the front wheels, radial tires all around. Taken as a whole, a Mazda is a thoroughly comfortable and controllable car, whether you're running with the pack on the freeway or poking and parking around town.

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Driving is believing! See your Mazda Dealer. He lets Mazda Rotary performance speak for itself with a test drive that will astonish you. Back at the showroom he'll give you all the cold, hard facts you'll want to know about rotary reliability, parts and service support. And like that. See him soon, for the fun of it!

Basic elements of a Mazda Rotary engine, licensed by NSU/Wardai.



MAZDA
POWER WITHOUT PISTONS

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE relation between the President and the press," says Hugh Sidey, "should be as friendly enemies. We are concerned with what really happens rather than what the White House tells us, and frequently there are differences." Sidey's education in those distinctions started in 1960, when he covered John Kennedy's campaign for TIME. He then served as White House correspondent and began contributing a column to LIFE, an enterprise he continued after becoming TIME's Washington bureau chief. When LIFE ceased publication, we decided that Sidey's personal view of the President and the office was too valuable to lose. Thus, this week we introduce Hugh Sidey writing on the presidency as a regular feature in TIME.

Sidey's pieces will appear two or three times a month in the Nation section. The content will vary from analyses of presidential policy, through the kind of entertainment offered in the White House, to the ways in which Richard Nixon wields the presidency's vast powers. This week Sidey describes the aura of calm efficiency that often insulates Nixon from the very real problems outside the White House.

"The whole world marches through the White House," says Sidey. "I intend to take up part-time residence at the TIME typewriter in the basement and watch the parade. But you also have to stand in the streets with the plain folks and listen to their cheers and boos. You have to look at the apparition behind the tall fences and put into words its postures and blovations, its true hopes and triumphs."

It is the rare Administration that takes kindly to criticism. Sidey, like others, has sometimes been the target of reprisals. His reporting of foreign policy problems provoked Kennedy to cut off Sidey's White House sources for two weeks in 1961. Lyndon Johnson once responded to a column by dismissing Sidey as an "Ivy Leaguer." (Sidey, a fourth-generation Iowan, went to Iowa State College.) Spiro Agnew has ranked Sidey among the Administration's biased critics. Reviews like that demand continued performances.

On the ground floor of the Time-Life Building in Manhattan, Time Inc. maintains an exhibit center that is open to the public on weekdays. Currently on display is a sampling of TIME-LIFE video cassettes. Visitors will be able to learn how the system is adapted for use on home TV sets and to watch some of the taped programs. The subjects are as diverse as golf, cooking, business management and —for loyalists to the print medium—an eight-lesson course in speed reading. Everyone is welcome to drop in for a look.

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Covers: Portrait in watercolor and pastel by Bob Peak.

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switch for a four-channel adaptor. In fact, we don't know of any other \$299.95 receiver that comes close to this one for power, performance and features. The walnut case is extra.

The Garrard SL55B record player in this system has a synchronous motor which can't waver in speed even if house current fluctuates. There's a gentle cueing device and an anti-skate control to prevent uneven record wear. The \$75.90 price includes a base and an ADC elliptical cartridge. It fits the groove better than a conical stylus so you get better sound with less wear.

The TransAudio speakers are brand new, and until now we wouldn't have believed that anyone could make speakers capable of such deep bass for so little. TransAudio 1012's sell for a mere \$159.90 a pair, and their big twelve-inch bass speakers can set your room throbbing with Bach's lowest organ notes.

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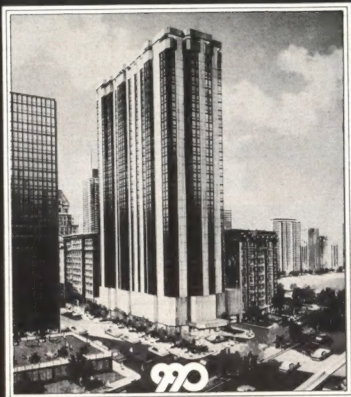
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LETTERS

Men of the Year

Sir / Your selection of Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger as Men of the Year [Jan. 1] is appropriate. One sold the people on peace around the corner ten days before the election and the other has ordered more bombs dropped on North Viet Nam after the election. Yes, the Red baiters of the '50s have come a long way politically.

M.C. DEINHART
Mountlake Terrace, Wash.

Sir / For 1972, the year of the hoax, what better choice than Nixon-Kissinger for Men of the Year?

Granted, there were many possibilities: the Arab "guests" at the Olympic Village; the return of Perón; the revelations of Eagleton; the 1,000% backing of McGovern; the Hughes' autobiography; and others. However, they all fade in comparison with the peace hoax of your cover conspirators.

ROBERT E. FLANNERY
Springfield, Pa.

Sir / I commend your Men of the Year selection as illustrated. It quite accurately depicts the combined granite Blockheads of the Year.

ALICE A. CHACE
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Sir / My first reaction upon reading your choices for the Men of the Year was one of immeasurable disgust. I was able to recover, however, when reminded that decency and concern for human life are not prerequisites for the honor, and that previous sinners include Joseph Stalin (twice) and Adolf Hitler.

One could imagine that had TIME been in existence in the 3rd century, Attila the Hun might have been a three-time winner.

RICHARD MITTENHAAL
New York City

Sir / The sculpture pictured on your cover is an insult to two fine-looking, patriotic men, but then you have devoted four years of insults to Richard Nixon, so why stop now?

IRVIN HIGHT
Eldorado, Ill.

Sir / You were right in saying that Richard Nixon has shaped the world. The problem is that he uses bombs to shape it.

JONATHAN HOFFMAN
Plainville, N.Y.

Sir / I can think of a number of better substitutes for your Men of the Year story than "Triumph and Trial": how about "Tragedy and Trickery" for one?

HENRI TEMANKA
Los Angeles

Sir / If Men of the Year are chosen

For actions that are good or bad.
Then "Deception and Destruction"
Is what the caption should have had.

GEORGE FLICK
North Royalton, Ohio

Sir / The liberals and pantywaists are now sniping at President Nixon for not ending the war regardless of circumstances, and accusing him of misleading the American people before the election. I say this is unjust and untrue.

It was the Nixon bombing policy that apparently persuaded the North Vietnamese to at least pretend to negotiate seriously with Kissinger. Some pantywaists in this

country are still trying to persuade them they can get what they want if they're just obstinate enough long enough.

KATHRYN N. RHODES
La Crescenta, Calif.

Sir / Men of the Year? Something of the year, maybe. Men, hardly.

WILLIAM F. KEARNS
Columbus

Living in Limbo

Sir / Your article on P.O.W. Sergeant First Class Donald Rander [Dec. 25] really hit home with us since my husband has been wearing a VIVA bracelet in honor of him for the past two years. We always felt as though we knew him, and now we know his family as well.

Sergeant Rander was captured only nine days before we were married, and while our life has had all the things that are a part of living, Sergeant Rander has been stagnating in a horrible limbo.

Mrs. Rander is a credit to her family and country. We would like to share her faith in President Nixon, but we cannot. She has tried through peaceful means to get her husband released. It is too bad the Administration cannot follow her example.

SALLY AND GARY KIDD
Edgewater, N.J.

Sir / I wonder how Mrs. Rander feels about her vote now that Nixon has added significantly to American P.O.W. numbers by resuming the bombing, which has also resulted in the bombing of the P.O.W.s themselves.

JOAN FROST
Jocotepec, Mexico

Sir / I was moved to tears by your article on Andrea Rander and her family—moved to tears of rage that Nixon, with his pre-election promises of peace in Viet Nam, was able to cultivate the sympathies of so many innocent victims. The war is futile and the U.S. should never have dragged in so many unwilling people, both its own and ours.

(MRS.) KAY ZIEGARN
Bondi, Australia

When in Rome—Watch Out

Sir / I wonder if whoever did the story on Rome's Fiumicino Airport [Dec. 25] has heard a joke that sums up the situation neatly. It goes something like this: A Pan Am flight (we'll call it 123) is approaching Rome and the tower tells the pilot to go to 10,000 ft. and hold. He acknowledges, and his first officer says, "Say, didn't I hear them give the same instructions to BOAC 456, coming in behind us?" "Hey, I think so," says the captain. "I'd better call it in and ask them." So he calls the Fiumicino tower, saying "Tower, this is Pan Am 123. You told me to go to 10,000 ft. and hold, and my first officer says he thinks he heard you tell the same thing to BOAC 456. There's a pause, and then the tower comes on. "That's right, so you better watch out!"

JOHN S. EWING
Los Altos Hills, Calif.

Sir / I have landed and departed from the Rome airport four times in the past two years without noting any of the horrible conditions your reporter has found.

Personally I admire the Italians for being able to do so much with so little. Why scare American tourists away from one of

the world's most pleasant cities with a story that could as easily have been written about almost any American airport?

LAWRENCE ROSSITER
Hartington, Neb.

Sir / Your article on Fiumicino Airport described everything that happened to us.

A group of 30 had been organized to travel to Florence, Italy, for my one-woman art show. We landed at Fiumicino three hours late and customs impounded 24 of my paintings. We finally left for Florence. The paintings never left the airport because of various strikes.

Luckily I had eight paintings in suitcases so we had a mini-show. One week later we landed at Fiumicino Airport again. We were told the paintings would be shipped back to Memphis on the next flight. Our flight was delayed for seven hours because the stewardesses had gone on strike, and we finally made it to New York singing *God Bless America*. One month later my paintings were returned to me!

SOPHIE W. COORS
Memphis

A Principle Intact

Sir / A footnote to your Press section [Jan. 1] incorrectly stated that William Farr was jailed for refusing to name his sources for a story in the Los Angeles Times. Farr's story actually was published by the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*, for which he worked before joining, in succession, the district attorney's office and the Los Angeles Times.

In the same section, you state that the Times "changed its mind and decided to obey [Judge] Sirica's order" in turning over to the court its tapes in the Watergate affair after being released from its pledge of confidentiality.

The Times did not change its mind. In fact, it was preparing to pursue its case be-

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LETTERS

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WILLIAM THOMAS
Editor
Los Angeles Times
Los Angeles

Suffering in Prison

Sir / In your story about the charges brought against John and Angelo Alessio, you write about their prison as "fun" [Dec. 25]. After spending 25 consecutive weekends at the Lompoc Correctional Facility as a visitor, I disagree. While trying to be as objective as possible, I have seen two fine, compassionate individuals (my father and my Uncle John) suffer mentally and physically as much, if not more than any other person in the prison, because of the "pressures" of the prison system, the U.S. Government and the press. By your own admission Lompoc is a "minimum security camp" designed for nonviolent inmates, which should set an example for modern penal reforms.

LAWRENCE R. ALESSIO
San Diego

Girl's Best Friends

Sir / The designs of the new sculptured jewelry are beautiful [Dec. 18]. When I was 19, I too thought diamonds and other precious stones were gauche. Now I really wish I hadn't said dumb things like that.

As you get older, I'm sure there is a very comfortable feeling in having a few jewels, even in a vault. I suppose it is very much like the girl who chooses to wear her cloth coat when she knows very well where she can put her hands on a mink if she gets a little chilly: right in her closet.

SYLVIA TERRELL
Los Angeles

The Quality of Mersey

Sir / I am glad to read that England has fewer polluted rivers [Dec. 25]. There was a time when observers reported seeing birds walking across the rivers on floats and jet-sam, evoking the comment: "The quality of Mersey is not strained."

W. ROBERT HOLMES
Schenectady, N.Y.

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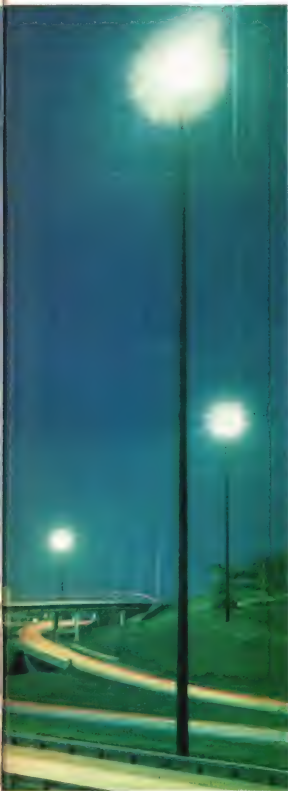
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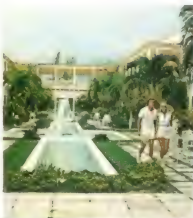
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Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the Home or Project overseas.

Q. What type of Projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of Projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 150,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes and Projects around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, serious illness of one or both parents, or parents just too poor to care for their children.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each Home is required to submit an annual audited statement.

Q. Is CCF registered with any government agency? A. Yes, CCF is registered with the U.S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.



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SHE HAS
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What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough to feed a family of six in India.

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal might be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

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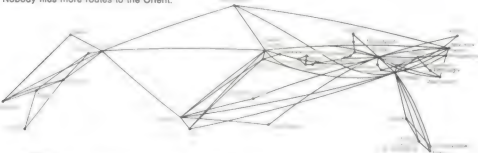
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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Wronged Champion?

Even as George McGovern settles into his senatorial seat for the 93rd Congress, it is evident that the wounds from his bludgeoning in November have not yet healed. He still seems bemused and bewildered, the wronged champion that the American voters would have followed if only they had understood him.

Said the 1972 Democratic nominee: "My confidence in the ability to get to the people with appeals based on simple, old-fashioned virtues like trust and decency has been shattered. I had thought that, as an underdog, I would impress people with my determination and sincerity." If he had it to do again, McGovern said, "I'd be more discreet, more cautious about boring my soul." He summed up by insisting: "I don't think the American people got a true picture of my campaign." Of course, the reverse may have been true—that too many Americans got a reasonably clear picture of a well-meant but inept campaign. Or that the majority of Americans understood his message and simply rejected it.

Do Not Pass Go

In the 37 years since Parker Brothers made Monopoly one of the nation's most popular indoor sports, the once sumptuous streets of Atlantic City, N.J., which gave their names to the Monopoly

board, have considerably deteriorated. The famed Boardwalk offers little more than whirling dervish rides, shooting galleries and stomach-eroding refreshment stands. Two of the tackier streets in town are Baltic and Mediterranean Avenues—also the cheapest buys on the Monopoly board. Thus, as part of a \$1,000,000 public works improvement program, Atlantic City's public works commissioner, Arthur W. Ponzio, proposed to change the names of the avenues to Fairmont and Melrose to improve the city's traffic patterns and to get away from the old low-rent image.

Suddenly, letters and telegrams poured in from all over the country, beseeching the town fathers to retain the storied names. The officially incorporated United States Monopoly Association, whose members conduct annual matches in white tie and tails, further insisted that Baltic and Mediterranean ought to sport "the appropriate purple street signs"; the association seriously threatened to bring the matter to the attention of the Department of the Interior's board on historic sites and monuments.

At last the city commissioners unanimously defeated the ordinance and announced that the original names would indeed be retained. That, of course, does not help the property value of the streets any, but perhaps a referendum to legalize gambling in the Garden State will make Baltic and Mediterranean worth playing for with real money.

Just a Mistake

It sounded almost as if Milo Minderbinder, the entrepreneurial mess officer who honored all contracts American and German, had stepped incarnate from the pages of *Catch-22*. On an overcast day last week, five U.S. lighter-bombers, using "precision" electronic bombing gear, went astray and swept over the U.S. airbase at Danang, South Viet Nam. They promptly deposited 34 500-lb. bombs on the sprawling installation. Only a "few" of the bombs landed on a fuel supply area, the military said; the rest fell harmlessly in open country. Those few, however, were enough to injure ten Americans and one Vietnamese. The bombs also ignited three fuel tanks, burning up 720,000 gal. of aviation gas.

The incident cast a further shadow over claims of precision bombing, most recently heard regarding the raids on Hanoi, where American planes have hit the French consulate and the Bach Mai

Hospital. Still, apparently nothing will deter the U.S. bombardiers from their appointed rounds. Said one military spokesman: "There will be mistakes from time to time, just like the mistake of the L-1011 going down in the Everglades. People still fly commercial airplanes, we will continue to bomb."

The Tenth Man

Not since the early 1900s, when fouls were ruled to be strikes, had such a curve ball been tossed at baseball tradition. Last week the owners of the 24 major-league baseball teams decided to add a tenth man to the lineup in the American League. A pinch hitter will be permitted to bat for a pitcher without the pitcher's having to leave the game. If it works for the American League, the National may give it a try.

The reason for the change is a desire to enliven the game; American League attendance is falling off. When the experiment was tried in the International League three years ago, batting averages increased 10%, runs scored rose 6%, and the games on an average took six minutes less to play; changing pitchers is one of the most time-consuming procedures in baseball.

The new rule will make some pitchers happy: Mickey Lolich of the Detroit Tigers, for example, who won 22 games last season but batted a woeful .067. But other pitchers like to take their turn at the plate, however ineffectually they may swing. To be cut out of batting is tantamount to being half a ball player—a shrunken specimen of a noble species. Casey Stengel put it all into perspective: "This is a ruling where you're trying to gain a run, and they have made enough runs in the last three or four years with the lively ball, and I would say there is nobody hitting .400, so there's some method in which any time you try a new rule."



MONOPOLY STREETS IN ATLANTIC CITY
Invasion of outraged players.



DETROIT PITCHER MICKEY LOLICH
Losing a turn.

Nixon's Continual Quest for Challenge

THE ultimate political triumph—overwhelming re-election to the nation's highest office—was behind him. He had turned a mature 60 and his Inauguration this week for his new and final term was only days away. Yet the question lingered: What was success doing to Richard Nixon? The early evidence was disturbing. Silent, secretive and still suspicious, he seemed to be reaching, in a mood strangely compounded of euphoria and truculence, for greater power.

If that is indeed his intended course, a rare opportunity for more constructive leadership will have been ignored. The President who wins by a landslide and need never run again is in a unique position to use his general popularity to forge a new unity. Confident of his majority support, he can afford to become expansive and even treat his critics generously, appealing to higher motives. Yet all of Nixon's post-election actions suggest that he is determined to subdue his opponents, defy rather than reason with the Democratic Congress and run the Executive Branch by decree, brooking no contrary advice by strong-willed Cabinet subordinates. Although he has every reason to appreciate the vast public support at the polls, he acknowledges no obligation to explain his decisions to his constituents.

Much in the imperial Gaultier manner, Nixon granted a rare pre-Inauguration interview to the Associated Press's Saul Pett. The interview, which Nixon insisted be confined to questions about his mood and personality, proved to be revealing, especially about the President's post-election feelings. Said Nixon: "After four years of the most devastating attacks on TV, in much of the media, in editorials and columns, and then all that talk in the last two or three weeks of the campaign of the gap narrowing...and then whap! A landslide, 49 states, 61% of the vote!" He paused, then continued: "You'd think I'd be elated...Well, you're so drained emotionally at the end, you can't feel much. You'd think that just when the time comes you'd have your greatest day. But there is this letdown."

As Nixon perceives the presidency, as well as his whole career, that letdown must never be allowed to prevail. There must always be a new challenge; it is all a constant battle. "I believe in the battle," he said in the interview, "whether it's the battle of a campaign or the battle of this office, which is a continuing battle. It's always there wherever



NIXON IN EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING
Fighting from the dressing rooms.

you go. I, perhaps, carry it more than others because that's my way."

The interview may reinforce the analysis of Political Scientist James Barber, who has tagged Nixon an "active-negative" President, one who gains little satisfaction from his accomplishments, has "a persistent problem in managing his aggressive feelings" and is engaged in "a hard struggle to achieve and hold power." Others see Nixon as relishing the lonely role of a martyr who suffers constant criticism for doing what he believes to be best for society.

Nixon is so absorbed by this combative mood, and feels so proudly at home in it, that he carried the athletic metaphor to excess. "You can't be relaxed," he said. "The Redskins were relaxed in their last game of the regular

season, and they were flat, and they got clobbered. You must be up for the great events. Up but not uptight. Having done it so often, I perhaps have a finer-honed sense of this. But you can overdo it, overtrain and leave your fight in the dressing room."

If that reveals some of the Nixonian psychology as his second term begins, it does not reveal why he has been waging his battle from the secluded "dressing rooms" of Camp David, San Clemente, Key Biscayne and his Executive Office hideaway rather than in the public arena, where he would have to defend his policies. Reporters learned last week, for example, that Nixon ordered the massive B-52 bombing of urban targets in North Viet Nam without even consulting his Secretary of Defense or the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He apparently discussed it only with National Security Affairs Adviser Henry Kissinger—and many insiders are not at all sure that Kissinger liked the idea. There has not yet been any public explanation of this decision.

Much of Nixon's re-election campaign was a similar kind of shadowboxing. He kept his public appearances to a minimum—and, of course, avoided any personal confrontation with George McGovern. He has not held a full press conference since Oct. 5, a National Security Council meeting since last May, or even a Cabinet meeting in more than two months. Last week he revealed that he will not present his annual State of the Union message personally to the Congress, with which he is feuding,—the first such omission by a President since 1956, when Dwight Eisenhower was recovering from a heart attack. Nixon's wholesale dismissal of various Administration officials similarly was accomplished through the indirect device of demanding the resignations of all appointees, then selecting whom to retain, rather than personally calling in the condemned to be fired.

Nixon's battle with the press is also a devious, and sometimes petty one. He retaliated against the long-critical Washington Post by granting an exclusive interview to its rival, the *Star-News*, and the *Post's* society reporter has been banned from covering White House social functions. Nixon's telecommunications director, Clay Whitehead, has attacked the "elitist gossip" in network news and proposed that local stations be held accountable at license-renewal time for any unbalanced news programming. Suddenly, three groups of Re-

THE NATION

publican businessmen, some with close ties to the Administration, have challenged the licenses of two Washington Post-owned TV stations in Florida.

The standard White House defense of all of the presidential actions in massively bombing North Viet Nam, seizing powers from Congress, shielding policymakers from public questioning, and trying to discourage press criticism is a simple one: Nixon was given a mandate in the election to conduct his office as he sees fit. Any critic who questions that tends to get a stock question in reply: "Who elected you?"

Insecurity. It could well be, of course, that a majority of Americans do support all of the recent Nixon actions, even if they have been given little explanation that would help them understand the rationale. Yet the non-committal Nixon campaign discussed none of those issues in the kind of detail that would make them part of a mandate. There especially was no mention of re-escalating the air war, an action that cost half a billion dollars, increased rather than reduced the number of U.S. prisoners of war and seriously depleted the B-52 deterrent force. On the contrary, millions of voters must have been swayed by the celebrated Kissinger claim that "peace is at hand." Nor, in returning a Democratic Congress, did the voters give Nixon any mandate to ignore that body. Cried a frustrated Republican Senator, Ohio's William Saxbe, last week: "Is there anything other than his own conscience that limits a President from any overt act? There's nobody that can touch him. No Security Council, no Joint Chiefs of Staff, no veto power—nothing."

However laudable some of Nixon's aims, his almost furtive maneuvering from behind the protective screen of aides and private redoubts violates the spirit, if not the letter, of constitutional checks and balances—and through his appointive power Nixon may soon have a compliant Supreme Court that could render the Judicial Branch ineffective too. His actions also suggest a personal insecurity, a potentially divisive need to create or magnify enemies so as to avoid his feared ledown.

Perhaps this is only a short-run effort to shake those post-election blues, a mood that will dissolve when a Viet Nam settlement is reached or a practical need to seek cooperation in resolving national problems becomes more urgent. This unpredictable President has shown an admirable facility for shifting ground rapidly once the need is clear, as he demonstrated again last week by announcing a surprising Phase III for the economy (see page 22). Indeed, there often seem to be two Nixons, the gut fighter whose basic passions emerge when his personal position appears secure, and the cerebral Nixon, who responds calmly to a public crisis. Yet this current isolation and belligerence are indulgences that neither he nor the nation can readily afford.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

Leadership as an Art Form

ON the surface, Richard Nixon's White House is a visual and mechanical marvel. Inside, where the President reigns in solitary splendor, the marvel is the man himself. The President's post-election campaign of self-assertion rolls on unchecked. Last week there still was no explanation of just why he had unleashed the massive B-52 bombing attack on North Viet Nam. His fiat to reorganize the Government caught the men elevated to super positions unawares and stunned the strata of bureaucracy below. Congress looked on in ignorance like the rest of the country. All through the nation Nixon was gaining the reputation of some kind of grim fiscal reaper as the depth and extent of his budget slashes filtered out. The actions were often not as unsettling as the calculated silence and distance of the President, an unprecedented attitude in an office that, as Nixon himself has explained, depends on keeping the people informed.

There was drama of sorts, of course. Colonel Ralph Albertazzie soared over the Rockies on a test flight of the President's gleaming new Air Force One (Boeing 707-VC-137, over \$10 million). The plane soon will stand ready with its 16 private phone lines to sweep Nixon off on new adventures, while maintaining a flawless electronic umbilical cord to the Oval Office.

On the ground, Ron Ziegler, the youthful Press Secretary with the Hollywood profile and sideburns as hardy as Zoyzia, was about to be made czar of the whole presidential image, a reward for his four flawless years of stewardship over the White House policy of non-information. He appeared in the press room in a suit of daring plaid and good-humoredly avoided answering questions on peace and bombing. He also showed up on a Virginia indoor tennis court in an "Izod outfit," the supreme quality in tennis attire. Coordinated Izods can cost \$50. His play was just as good.

Back at the White House, Nixon turned 60, and the wizards in the White House theater, without even straining, came up with *The Maltese Falcon*, a 1941 thriller just made for the President. It stars Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre and Sydney Greenstreet, and the good guys win. There was a new film too, this one put together by Paul Keyes, producer and writer for *Laugh-In*, and it showed ten minutes of football fumbles and flubs while Roman and Martin played straight, as if they were the President phoning in strategy to the quarterback. They say Nixon broke up.

But behind the crisp smiles and beneath the beautiful precision there are moments, some say, when Nixon is troubled. A lot of people, including Congress, are angry. Something has gone awfully wrong in those parts of the presidency that can't be flown or worn or priced or charted. They are the invisible dimensions of the job: civility and consideration, understanding and willingness to listen, candor and the patience to explain.

There is a curious turn in Nixon's character that has baffled the experts before. In private the President is courteous and kindly. But often his tactics in the governmental game beyond the Oval Office are insensitive and brutal. It is a two-way street, to be sure, and the Congress and other folks have committed their sins. But the power is in the White House. It is the instrument of initiative. What Nixon wants for the nation is not all that much different from what most others would like. But the manner in which he has gone at it has them muttering about King Richard even in Washington's exclusive Metropolitan Club.

There is no doubt that Nixon believes we are in a sort of national crisis where he must end the war, by whatever means, and arrest the growth of monstrous Government, fed by the ineptitude and the casual spending of Congress. But putting the presidency all together, from Izod outfits to the Paris peace talks, is an art form, as Thomas Jefferson explained. Not so long ago they used to practice that art in this city. Harry Truman, with all his independence and gutsiness, went through exhaustive consultations with Pentagon and State Department officials, down to the third levels of authority, before he committed forces to Korea. Alben Barkley, the mellow Kentuckian Senator and Vice President, was heard to rip into a Democratic colleague who kept attacking Republican leaders. Night after night Sam Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson would go down to Eisenhower's White House breathing partisan fire, but something magic always happened when the old General uncorked the bourbon and told the Texans how much he admired them and needed them. Back on the Hill, those two passed the legislation that Ike wanted and a little extra for themselves. And it was about that time that Lyndon Johnson brought up some of that country wisdom of his. "After all," he would say, "he's the only President we've got." That is a far cry from what the men on the Hill are saying now about Richard Nixon.



LE DUC THO IN PARIS



SUBURBAN SITE OF SECRET PEACE TALKS



HENRY KISSINGER IN PARIS

THE WAR

Once More, Some Signs of Hope

THE breakdown of the Paris peace talks in December, after such high expectation that peace was finally "at hand," not only embittered much of the U.S. and the world but caused many to regard last week's resumption of the negotiations with as much skepticism as hope. The bitter interim also proved sobering for both sides—for the North Vietnamese because of the fierce U.S. bombing that nearly razed Hanoi, for the U.S. because of worldwide condemnation of the bombing as well as heavy losses of planes and crews. Yet the bitterness did not prevent the two parties from starting hard bargaining almost as soon as the talks resumed. By week's end there once more were hopeful signs that the talks had progressed to a point from which—with good will, a modicum of flexibility and a determined firmness with their allies—the Americans and the North Vietnamese might finally be able to reach a settlement.

The clearest sign of progress was Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger's decision to resume his talks with North Viet Nam's Le Duc Tho and fly to Florida to consult with Richard Nixon at his Key Biscayne home. Though Kissinger was not due to arrive until after midnight, Nixon's aides let it be known that the President would wait up to hear what Kissinger had to report. Before he left Paris, Kissinger described the week's sessions with the North Vietnamese as "very extensive and useful negotiations." At Orly Airport, he declared that it was now up to the President to "decide what next step should be taken to speed a peace of justice and conciliation."

Kissinger obviously feels that he has done all he possibly can on his own to bring about a settlement—and that the President must now carry the ball. Administration officials insisted that no draft agreement had yet been initiated in Paris, and few observers believed that

Kissinger's briefcase contained anything as final as a completed cease-fire agreement. There were clearly problems left to be solved and these may well require a final round of bargaining in Paris; but just as clearly, Kissinger had some important new proposals for the President's eyes.

If Nixon approves what Kissinger brought back—and the betting in Washington was that he would—the next step is to persuade the Saigon regime of President Nguyen Van Thieu to go along. In view of Thieu's intransigence to date, that may take considerable presidential muscle. After meeting later on Sunday with both Kissinger and General Alexander M. Haig Jr., Kissinger's former aide, Nixon dispatched Haig to Saigon to put the strong arm on Thieu.

Outward Courtesy. The week's resumed negotiations had begun bleakly enough, with none of the smiles and handshakes that had characterized the autumn meetings. No one greeted Kissinger when he arrived at the Communist villa in exurban Gif-sur-Yvette on the first morning, and he had to open the door himself. Next day at St-Nom-La-Brétèche, the Americans received the North Vietnamese with similar coolness. By mid-week, however, a measure of outward courtesy had returned. On Saturday morning, for the first time in the talks, Kissinger sent for an American-embassy photographer to take pictures at a closed session—a move that was interpreted as a hopeful sign.

Underlying the talks last week were the most basic questions of trust and guarantees. One critical problem involved the status of the demilitarized zone and the question of whether, after the cease-fire, the North Vietnamese will be able to move freely through the DMZ to resupply their troops in South Viet Nam. The North Vietnamese take the position that, according to the 1954 Geneva accords, the DMZ is merely a

temporary military demarcation line and not a political boundary. Saigon insists that in South Viet Nam there is "one and only one legal, elected government." The North Vietnamese argue that the presence of their forces in the South is a guarantee to the Provisional Revolutionary Government (the political branch of the Viet Cong), and that any North Vietnamese troop withdrawal from the South should be linked to demobilization of the South Vietnamese army and the holding of free elections.

In more than 35 hours of meetings, Kissinger and Tho narrowed down the key differences. Early in the week, they apparently reached some agreement on the issue of U.S. war prisoners. On the question of how to enforce the cease-fire, the North Vietnamese had originally proposed an International Control Commission force of 250, while the U.S. wanted 5,000; last week the two sides were reported to have agreed on a force of 2,000.

In a sense, the problem for both Washington and Hanoi is how to get their Vietnamese allies into line. The U.S. obviously has its problems with Saigon, while Hanoi is under pressure from the P.R.G. to remain firm. "For the North Vietnamese as well as for us," said one Administration official, "getting Saigon and the P.R.G. into line is like getting two tigers to stand still in a cage—or maybe two rattlesnakes."

After the disillusionment of last month, nobody in Washington was prepared to predict when an agreement would be ready. "This time we want to be damned sure we've got everything buttoned down before sounding off," said one U.S. official. But he added: "Several vital humps have been jumped, and the thrust now is toward an agreement." That thrust may be so strong that if Richard Nixon is satisfied with what Henry Kissinger brought home, he will simply not allow Saigon to veto it.

Celebration in Washington

RICHARD NIXON will be the smiling star in the most satisfying event in his long political career, but Washington itself will be the centerpiece of the Inaugural weekend. The two-mile-long mall from the Lincoln Memorial to Capitol Hill has been cleared of temporary buildings for the first time in 50 years. The bureaucratic mastodons along Constitution Avenue and the restored old homes around Lafayette Square stand as handsome pieces of scenery in the quadrennial drama. Washington has never been more impressive.

To help out-of-town visitors, including scores of Nixon relatives, find their way around Washington, the Inaugural Committee is issuing 175,000 copies of a 32-page manual that lists festivities, their location and starting times; it even tells participants what to wear. The schedule includes 13 separate events during the weekend, not counting the parade, five balls and the Inauguration itself.

The main themes of the celebration will be traditional America and the nation's multi-ethnic heritage. The President was specific about wanting his second Inaugural "not to be just for the fat cats and big names, but for everybody, with an emphasis on the ethnics and young people," says Ray Caldiero, the Inaugural Committee's director of entertainment. The young will be treated to a rock concert and an Inaugural

ball of their own. Ethnic food, music and art will be featured in a "Salute to America's Heritage" reception in the Corcoran Gallery of Art near the White House. "The big difference is that this is not a Washington society party, as it has been in the past," says Inaugural Committee Co-Chairman Mark Evans, a vice president of Metromedia, Inc. "I'm flabbergasted at the interest from all over."

Although only 19 of the 50 state Governors are Republicans, at least 40 are expected for the Inauguration. Japan's former Premier Eisaku Sato has accepted an invitation and will probably rub shoulders with names from business like Henry Ford and Kimball C. Firestone, and show-business types such as Zsa Zsa Gabor, Charlton Heston, Jimmy Stewart and Rosalind Russell. Comedian Bob Hope, Sammy Davis Jr. and Frank Sinatra will star at the entertainments to be held in the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Other performances will range from the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Pianist Van Cliburn, to Soul Singer James Brown and Pat Boone.

Anticipating the nation's 200th anniversary, which will come at the end of Nixon's term, the Kennedy Center roof terrace will be done up in an 18th century décor. Hostesses wearing hoop-skirted American Revolution-era costumes will serve the crowds from the

concerts. After the Inauguration, more than 30,000, at a cost of \$80 per couple, will crowd into the five Inaugural balls. Bidders will pay \$1.50 for their drinks while waiting for the President and the First Lady to make their appearance at each. Besides receiving the plastic drink tumblers emblazoned with the Inaugural seal, the celebrators will also be given cuff links for the men and charms for the women.

Parade. The President will take his oath of office and make his Inaugural speech at the east front of the Capitol. After a quick lunch with Congressional leaders, who are expected to be too polite to talk about their current disagreements with Nixon, he will review the parade. (It is not true, as a Washington wisecrack about Nixon's recent isolation has it, that the parade will be routed past Camp David and he will send aides H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman out to review it for him.)

People's Coalition for Peace & Justice, National Peace Action Coalition, Women Strike for Peace and other anti-war groups could put a damper on the celebration. Peace organizations in major cities have planned bus trips to the capital, where they hope to hold seminars and mount demonstrations against the war. Apart from the problems anti-Nixon demonstrators may bring, the Inauguration has already run into other minor flak. The President has been mildly criticized for selecting the Philadelphia Orchestra over the city's own National Symphony Orchestra, which has performed at past Inaugurations. Local radio and television stations have balked at providing free commercials to promote the sale of Inaugural medals. J. Willard Marriott, chairman of the Inaugural Committee and a hotelman himself, has irritated local hotel operators, who had hoped to reap a big profit from the Inauguration, by not scheduling more events in their establishments.

Despite the ethnic theme, the whole affair will be a showcase of the nation's wealthiest men. Nearly all of Nixon's friends with big bank accounts will be there, including his Florida neighbor Bebe Rebozo, Chicago Insurance Tycoon and Republican Campaign Contributor W. Clement Stone, and Robert Abplanalp, a manufacturer of aerosol valves. It will be a celebration of Middle America and the successful men it has produced. For those taking part, it will be a ritual of satisfaction, a three-day dance to affluence and the American dream.



One of Richard Nixon's projects since he took office has been to give Washington a new luminescence. The capital's monuments, including the White House and federal buildings along Constitution Avenue, are aglow with lights.

Photographs for TIME by Dirck Halstead.





It is not likely that the men who work inside the Capitol will ever be as tranquil as it seems here. Like previous Presidents, Nixon sometimes worships in this pew at St. John's Church; needle-point kneelers commemorate some of the Presidents. Nixon has asked whether some day the pillars of the National Archives will rise from ruins like those of the Acropolis, symbolizing the disintegration of a free society. His answer: They will not.





In Lafayette Square the old is preserved and the new is carefully shaped around it. Dolley Madison House (left) now houses Government offices. Behind the Renwick Gallery is a federal office building, designed to preserve the character of the White House environs. In contrast, the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts and the curvilinear Watergate are part of a cluttered panorama of new development.





All round, there are sites of renewal, of growth, of history. Unceasing crowds, and Nixon himself, come to the Lincoln Memorial to rekindle the sense of national purpose. The American Institute of Architects has outgrown the Octagon House and spilled over into new building behind. This bedroom (below) where Woodrow Wilson, a revered predecessor, died, remains as it was in Wilson's day.



TRIALS

Starting on Watergate

After six months of explosive rumors, the Watergate bugging trial got under way at last. But hardly had the jury been chosen last week in a Washington courtroom when one of the seven defendants pleaded guilty to the charges against him. By week's end, as Judge John Sirica moved the trial temporarily to a closed courtroom and barred spectators, there were reports that four of the other defendants planned to do the same. Pleading guilty would not, of course, make the defendants invulnerable to severe punishment; the maximum sentence for their offenses ranges between 24 and 34 years in prison with fines of between \$70,000 and \$80,000. But the guilty pleas could increase the chance that the real truth in the Watergate case—whether or not top officials in the Nixon Administration sanctioned the break-in at the Democratic Party's Washington headquarters last June—would remain obscured.

The first defendant to plead guilty was E. Howard Hunt, 54, a former White House consultant and longtime CIA official who played a prominent part in the planning of an earlier fiasco, the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba in 1961. At first Hunt offered to plead guilty to only three of the six charges against him, but under pressure from Judge Sirica he agreed to include all six.

"Anything I may have done I believed to be in the best interests of my country," Hunt declared. Had there been a conspiracy involving high Government officials? "To my personal knowledge," he replied, "there was none." Hunt insisted that the key factor in his decision to plead guilty—and thus escape the ordeal of a long trial—had been the death of his wife in a Chicago plane crash last month. Still, his action inevitably increased speculation that he was seeking to avoid further disclosures in the case.

Cash. Late in the week, reports circulated in Washington that four of the remaining defendants—three of whom are Cubans from Miami—were being offered large cash settlements by undisclosed "friends" if they would plead guilty and thus avoid a potentially embarrassing trial. The offers, *TIME* learned, ranged as high as \$1,000 to each defendant for every month he spends in prison, with additional amounts to be paid at his release.

Hunt, who said last week that he had recruited the four into the spying operation, told *TIME* Correspondent David Beckwith: "I'm almost certain that the Cuban community in Miami will take care of those four. The great majority of the Cuban community is convinced that what they were doing [at the Watergate] will redound to the ultimate benefit of Cuba, and I'm convinced of that." Presumably he meant that most anti-Castro Cuban refugees



DEFENDANT E. HOWARD HUNT
One fiasco after another.

favored a Nixon victory in November.

One of the two remaining defendants is G. Gordon Liddy, onetime White House aide and counsel to last year's Committee for the Re-Election of the President. Liddy, a lawyer, might be the most reluctant of the defendants to plead guilty, since this would probably lead to his disbarment.

Even if the trial should end prematurely this week, however, it has already produced considerable additional detail. Highlights of the Government's case, as outlined last week by Principal Assistant U.S. Attorney Earl Silbert:

► Liddy received \$235,000 cash from two officials of the committee to set up an intelligence operation for the 1972 campaign. The operation, charged Silbert, had two purposes in the begin-

ning: to watch the movement of extremists and demonstrators, particularly at the Republican National Convention, and to take on a few spying chores against the Democrats—such as investigating the rumor of a contribution by a company that pollutes the environment to the campaign of Senator Edmund Muskie.

► Liddy and Hunt tried to recruit several old friends into this spy ring, said Silbert. They outlined a planned operation "against the Democratic Party and Convention," and described a "communications center" to be operated from a houseboat in Biscayne Bay while the Democratic Convention was taking place in nearby Miami Beach.

► Hunt recruited Thomas James Gregory, 25, a history student from Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, to spy on the Democrats. He paid Gregory \$175 a week to pose as a volunteer in Washington for Senator Muskie and later for Senator George McGovern. Hunt met Gregory regularly last spring in a Washington drugstore and elsewhere and picked up information about the candidates' campaign schedules, planned speeches and even the layouts of the Democrats' offices.

Whether there will be any defendants left to prosecute will be determined this week. But even if the trial ends immediately, the Watergate controversy will be far from settled. Attorney Silbert has hinted that Hunt will be called before the grand jury for further testimony. The Justice Department has filed an eight-count criminal complaint against the Re-Election Committee for failing to account for some of the money it gave Liddy, and the Democratic National Committee is suing the Watergate Seven for violating the committee members' civil rights. Perhaps the most searching investigation will be the one conducted by the Senate's Government Operations Committee under Senator Sam Ervin, a North Carolina Democrat.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Rage to Reorganize

"Organization is policy," says Roy Ash, former president of Litton Industries and new director of the Office of Management and Budget. Apparently Richard Nixon agrees. He has taken the advice of Ash and a council he headed that the Government should be reorganized to make it more responsive to presidential command. Though Congress failed to act on Nixon's larger plans—to merge six Cabinet departments into four—the President has gone right ahead and created a super-Cabinet by Executive order. The effort is receiving mixed reviews—as a laudable effort to streamline Government, or as a worrisome presidential grab for ever-stronger authority.

Most Presidents have complained



DEFENDANT G. GORDON LIDDY
A question of pleas.

THE NATION

about their Cabinets, but Nixon is the first to alter the structure significantly. He has promoted three Cabinet members to the rank of Presidential Counsellor, with broadened responsibility for handling interdepartmental programs. Health, Education and Welfare Secretary-designate Caspar Weinberger will become Counsellor for Human Resources, Housing and Urban Development Secretary-designate James Lynn will be Counsellor for Community Development, and Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz will oversee Natural Resources. Each will confront related problems that overlap various departments. The shift is sensible, but it has been accomplished at the expense of the other Cabinet officers, who have clearly suffered a demotion. From now on, for example, if Interior Secretary Rogers Morton wants to get a decision on the use of park land, he will have to go, hat in hand, to Earl Butz, whereas formerly he could go directly to the White House. In turn, Butz will pass along his decision to John Ehrlichman, Domestic Affairs chief in the White House. "I will be considerably less involved in the actual policy promulgation," Ehrlichman explains, "and my role will be increasingly ministerial, as literally a conduit for passing along messages and documents and things of that kind."

The point of the change is to bridge the gap between the White House and the bureaucracy. The Counsellors will have a foot in each establishment—doubtless a stretching experience. Supposedly, the new setup will permit the President to cut back his Executive Office staff from 4,216 to a little over 2,000—the number that existed when he took office. He will then have to deal

with fewer people, as he prefers. When he gives an order, it will glide more swiftly down the chain of command.

The task of making the reorganization work falls, appropriately, on Roy Ash, who will manage not only the federal budget but the entire Executive Branch. In this post, he ranks with the other big four of the super-Cabinet: H.R. Haldeman, White House chief of staff; Ehrlichman; Henry Kissinger; and George Shultz, Adviser for Economic Affairs. Whether Ash is the man to fill this awesome job has become a matter of debate. At issue in the first place is his management of Litton, whose profits fell from a lackluster \$50 million in fiscal 1971 to only \$1.1 million last year.

Why? Of more concern is a possible conflict of interest, since Litton is presently at loggerheads with the Navy because of cost overruns amounting to \$547 million. Last week a congressional hearing made the point that Ash had gone to the Pentagon in June to ask for a bail-out similar to Lockheed's Government-guaranteed loan. Ash argues that contracts are handled by the Navy, not by the OMB Director, but any contracts as big as Litton's are bound to affect the budget. If a proposal came up to bail out Litton, Ash would find himself in an untenable position, especially since Nixon has given him so much power over the Executive Branch.

Though it is understandably wary of the presidential appetite for power, Congress probably does not have all that much to worry about in the case of the super-Cabinet. The Government is strewn with the wreckage of earlier attempts at reorganization, and Nixon's may end up in the same heap despite all of the fanfare. In any case, dissenters in the bureaucracy will still be able to frustrate an activist President in their customary way: going on the sly to the press, to sympathetic members of Congress or to aroused constituencies among the public. A super-Cabinet does not necessarily make a super-President.

CRIME

Death in New Orleans

At first there was only the smell of smoke. Robert Bemish, 43, a San Francisco broadcasting executive, opened the door of his eighth-floor room at New Orleans' Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge to investigate, and noticed "light bulbs popping all over the place" from the heat. He was standing facing the motel's swimming pool when a black youth with a rifle jumped out from some bushes, stared at him for a full second, took aim and fired. Shot through his midsection, Bemish fell into the pool. He pretended to be dead, his air-filled trench coat providing just enough buoyancy to keep him above water.

Soon shots were ringing out from several other floors of the motel, and smoke began pouring from half a dozen balconies. One newly married couple were killed in a corridor while clutching each other in a death embrace. A fireman ascending a ladder to the tenth floor was shot. The assistant manager of the motel, investigating reports of fire, was killed as he moved down a hallway. So was Louis Sirgo, 48, the city's deputy police superintendent, as he led a search through the motel.

Even in a period of increasing terrorism, it was a startling explosion of violence. When it was over, six people were dead and nine wounded. The episode was reminiscent of Charles Whitman's homicidal outburst from the top of Austin's Texas Tower, but last week's madness seemed to have more method. The victims were all white, and seven—three dead, four wounded—were policemen.

Superbrain. For hours, police had no idea how many snipers they were up against, but there seemed to be at least two, since blasts were set almost simultaneously on different floors. A besieging army of 200 uniformed policemen, detectives, sharpshooters and volunteers soon surrounded the motel. As the cordon tightened, the assailants found refuge behind the concrete walls of the rooftop's boiler room and stairwell casements. An armor-plated Marine helicopter made repeated passes as the cops tried to blast through the walls, but the sniper shots kept coming. Finally, eleven hours after the violence had begun, one lone sniper darted under the glare of a helicopter spotlight, ran about 30 ft. in a zigzag pattern across the rooftop, and fell dead in a hail of police tracer bullets, his body riddled with more than 100 slugs.

Convinced that other gunmen were still on the roof, police kept their vigil throughout the night and the next morning. When they finally raided the rooftop, they found just the body of the youth they had shot down 16 hours earlier. A thorough room-by-room search of the motel failed to turn up any other snipers. Said Police Superintendent



MANAGER ROY ASH



POLICE SHARPSHOOTERS IN HELICOPTER ABOVE SLAIN SNIPER IN NEW ORLEANS

A cheerful childhood, then racial hatred erupting in a spree reminiscent of the Texas Tower.



ESSEX IN NAVY

Clarence Giarrusso: "Either there was only one, or another got away. The speculation might run the gamut all the way from negligence on the part of police to a superbrain on the part of the sniper."

The identity of the dead sniper at first simply deepened the mystery. Mark James Robert Essex, 23, a black trainee in the city's vocational classes for hard-core unemployed ("probably the best student in the class," said a teacher), hardly seemed to fit the profile of a maniacal killer. Neighbors, acquaintances and teachers from his home town of Emporia, Kans., sketched a portrait of a congenial and well-liked youth. His parents, neighbors reported, were "upstanding Christian people." Jimmy's father was the foreman at a meat-packing plant, and his mother, who holds a master's degree in education, worked at the local Head Start program.

Summoning reporters to a news conference, the Essex family painted a different picture, one of disillusionment, bitterness and finally hatred. "It all started in the Navy," Jimmy's mother declared. "He was all right when he left here." Confronted with prejudice and discrimination, Jimmy finally went AWOL. He testified at his court-martial: "I had begun to hate all white people. I was tired of going to white people and telling them my problems and not getting anything done about it." He was given a general discharge for "unsuitability" based on character and "behavior disorder." The bitterness left over from his Navy experience continued to fester. Friends reported that he became a different person. The walls of his apartment in New Orleans were decorated with revolutionary slogans such as MY DEATH LIES IN THE BLOODY DEATH OF RACIST PIGS AND POLITICAL POWER COMES FROM THE BARREL OF A GUN.

As police dug further, they began to suspect that Essex may have been involved in earlier unsolved shootings. Just one week before the Howard Johnson shootout, on New Year's Eve, one cop had been killed and two wounded within the space of 15 minutes in or near police headquarters. Slugs recovered from two of the victims matched some of the .44 magnum bullets fired during the Howard Johnson murders. The morning of the shootout, a white

grocer in New Orleans' black Broadmoor section was also shot and wounded by a .44 magnum slug. The attacker fled on foot, and shortly thereafter a car was stolen five blocks from the grocery store, only to turn up in the motor lodge's garage. Whoever else had been involved with Essex—one cop insisted that he saw a black woman sniper—race clearly played a large role in the killings. At about the same time Bemish was shot, a black chambermaid almost bumped into the sniper on the pool deck. "Don't worry," he reassured her. "We're not going to shoot any blacks, just whites. The revolution's here."

Convinced it was racism that had turned her son from a cheerful adolescent into a murderous adult, Mrs. Essex seemed almost remorseless during a press conference last week in Kansas. "I do think Jimmy was driven to this," she said. "Jimmy was trying to make white America sit up and be aware of what is happening to us." Though prejudice is hardly an excuse for wholesale slaughter, Mrs. Essex made her point. So did a white youth outside the church. As a radio reporter walked from his car to the press conference, the boy drove by shouting, "Have fun with the niggers. We hate 'em."

ARMED FORCES

Bombing Fallout

By the time President Nixon ordered the resumption of bombing over Hanoi and Haiphong on Dec. 18, B-52 Pilot Michael Heck, 30, had racked up more than 150 bombing missions during a number of stints in Indochina, a Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with eleven oak-leaf clusters—and an impressive list of reservations about the Viet Nam War. With each new bombing run over the populated cities of the North, those doubts grew. Finally, on the day after Christmas, Heck announced to his wing commander that he could no longer in good conscience participate in the intensified bombing campaign.

According to the Pentagon's records, four other American pilots have refused to go on combat flights since

the U.S. began regular bombing missions over Indochina eight years ago; but Heck's case was the first to come to public attention, and it took on special significance because of the moral issue raised by the raids.

The military bent over backward to explain Heck's actions. Some Pentagon staffers suggested that he might be suffering from combat fatigue. A senior Air Force officer implied that the heavy losses of B-52s during the strikes had finally frightened him. "There's some sympathy for that guy Heck," the officer allowed. "He was flying into the hairiest area of the world." But Heck himself said that fear had nothing to do with his decision. "If they tell me now to go on milk runs, the B-52 targets over South Viet Nam where nobody gets shot at, I would feel no different. I would even refuse a ground job of supervising the loading of bombs or refueling aircraft. I can't be a participant." Why? Because, he explained, "the goals do not justify the mass destruction and killing."

As embarrassing as it may have been to the Air Force, Heck's decision neither embarrassed nor surprised his family, who knew his feelings from his letters—and sympathized. Said his father, a real estate broker in Chula Vista, Calif.: "It was not a snap judgment. From about September on—from the time he had to go back to Viet Nam, in fact—we had the feeling that he felt things there were not the way he expected them to be. And then when we had this mass bombing, before Christmas, it was just the last straw that triggered it."

Heck's decision could well place the Air Force in a difficult position. It may have to court-martial him, not something it relishes doing to a highly decorated pilot. Or it may accept his resignation or place him on conscientious objector status. But either course might encourage other pilots to follow suit. Heck's case may also prove a puzzle to President Nixon. In addition to two presidential unit citations, Heck also holds a diploma from Nixon's own alma mater, Whittier College. Last week Heck told TIME's Peter Simms: "This is the first time in my life that I have been able to feel really happy and good, because I have made the right decision."

PHASE III

Some Freedom for Good Behavior

WITH his infinite capacity for surprise, President Nixon last week unfurled Phase III—a new anti-inflation program that goes much further than almost anyone had expected toward giving more economic freedom to managers and workers. Though the change was dramatic, the announcement was carefully low-key. Instead of the presidential TV address that started the wage-price freeze 17 months ago or the flurry of last-minute directives and guidelines that launched Phase II, there was only an executive order, a message to Congress and some press briefings.

The shunning of theatrics was appropriate: it reflected a decision by Nixon and his closest advisers that the elaborate controls of Phase II had done their job and that the time had come to move to a looser system. Nixon wanted to act before the controls caused serious distortions in the economy and became widely unpopular, or before the nation became overdependent on them.

The President scrapped much of the control mechanisms of Phase II and substituted a kind of honor system in which most companies and unions will be expected to obey pay-price guide-

lines voluntarily. For those who abuse their new liberty, the Government will retain what Treasury Secretary George Shultz called a stick in the closet—the authority to enforce compliance with the guidelines. In essence, Phase III follows the “jawboning with teeth” strategy long championed by Nixon’s Democratic critics. Indeed, it is close to a campaign proposal of George McGovern’s. Its main features:

- ▶ With few exceptions, even the biggest companies and unions no longer need to get Government approval before raising wages or prices. Initially, at least, they can negotiate any pay raises or post any price boosts they feel justified—though they will still face the possibility of later rollbacks.

- ▶ Small companies and unions—those with fewer than 1,000 workers—will be entirely exempted from the program. They will not even have to keep wage-price records. All federal rent controls will be abolished.

- ▶ The Pay Board and the Price Commission will go out of business within 90 days. Enforcement of the program will be taken over by the Cost of Living Council (COLC), which will have to decide which wage and price boosts to ignore, which to try to pare down in negotiation and which simply to order reduced. The COLC will be headed by John T. Dunlop, a tough, politically savvy labor economist and dean of Harvard’s faculty of arts and sciences, who is equally respected in the dissimilar worlds of hardhats and mortarboards.

- ▶ The COLC will set wage-price guidelines. For the time being, it is keeping them about the same as in Phase II, though it may well change them later. It can investigate increases that seem to go beyond the guidelines, and order them cut down. But the COLC will have only enough staff to focus on egregious violators: the number of Government employees policing pay-price behavior will be halved to 2,000.

Many economists worry that the dumping of Phase II and its mandatory controls was premature. They see some danger that wages and prices will bulge in the next few months as union and company chiefs test how far they can go under the new rules. Even so, the President decided that he could take the gamble because of the economy’s good behavior. Despite sharp increases in food prices, the formal control mechanism of Nixon’s Phase II has performed well. The pace of price increases slowed from 4.7% in 1971 to 3% last year, and Nixon’s newly proclaimed goal for the end of this year is 2.5%.

Dean of Living Costs: A Gruff, Canny Mr. Chips

WHEN Harvard students stormed the faculty club to protest the invasion of Cambodia in 1970, one of the members bothered by the ruckus was John T. Dunlop, who was dining with his wife Dorothy. Whatever his feelings about the military action halfway round the world, “Tiger” Dunlop was not amused by the student action on campus. Assured by a waiter that the protesters were being chased out by the club’s manager, the burly Dunlop growled: “Does he need any help?”

President Nixon’s choice as boss of Phase III is anything but a mild-mannered Mr. Chips. As dean of Harvard’s 2,000-member faculty of arts and sciences, Dunlop customarily opened meetings by saying, “Let’s get it all on the table.” For 35 years Dunlop, who is now 58, has spent at least one day a week in Washington in Government service. He has endured countless mediation sessions and has written seven books on labor-management problems. The co-author of his latest book, *Labor and the American Community*, is his close friend Derek Bok, to whom Dunlop reportedly lost the presidency of Harvard by the narrowest of margins.

Though he had harsh words for Nixon’s early handling of labor problems in the construction trades, Dunlop was picked by the President to head a tripartite panel formed by the Administration early in 1971 to hammer down the grossly inflationary settlements that then prevailed in the building industry. He cannily persuaded union leaders that by exercising restraint, they could win back power from increasingly militant local leaders—and win back jobs for union members, who had been los-



COLC DIRECTOR JOHN DUNLOP

ing them to lower-paid, unorganized workers. He has been frequently criticized for running a secret, autocratic outfit, but the results are impressive: construction pay increases dropped from 15.6% in 1970 to 5.7% last year—lower than the overall national average.

For all his past success, Dunlop knows that the job of running Phase III will be tougher. “The opportunity to help work on these problems cooperatively with labor, management and Government at this time is to be concerned with issues that no Western society has handled well,” he wrote in his letter of resignation from his Harvard deanship. “But if over the next decade or two we are to have a little less inflation, a little lower level of unemployment, a little less industrial strife, then it is essential to develop the knowledge, the experience and the institutions to deal with this complex area.”



BECHTEL'S BECHTEL



CITIBANK'S WRISTON



GM'S ROCHE



U.S. STEEL'S LARRY



BROADWAY-HALE'S CARTER

Nixon will keep mandatory controls on several enterprises that have a particularly strong grip on the American wallet. Hospitals and nursing homes can raise prices no more than an average 6% a year. Doctors and dentists can increase fees only an average of 2.5%. Major food processors will still have to get prior approval for price boosts, and grocers' markups will be closely regulated. Construction wage hikes must be cleared by the Construction Industry Stabilization Committee.

In other areas of the economy, businessmen may raise prices only to reflect higher costs, and then only if the increases do not lift profit margins above a certain ceiling or are limited to 1.5%. The guideline for wage increases at least temporarily stays at 5.5%, or at most 6.2% when all fringe benefits are included. As Nixon put it, "Business and workers will be able to determine for themselves the conduct that conforms to the standards."

So that the COLC can check on their behavior, the nation's 800 largest corporations—those with sales of \$250 million or more—must report price changes quarterly, and unions representing 5,000 or more workers must report wage changes as they occur. Companies with sales between \$50 million and \$250 million, and unions representing between 1,000 and 5,000 workers, must keep records that Internal Revenue Service agents can spot-check. After it gets the reports, the Cost of Living Council can demand explanations of increases that seem to violate the guidelines, set interim price and wage levels while investigating, and issue formal rollback orders. Treasury Secretary Shultz said violators "will get clobbered."

The setup confers enormous power on the COLC's Dunlop. He has frank contempt for "magic numbers"; he once called the idea that all wage boosts should conform to a single numerical standard "hogwash." He prefers to weigh each case individually and relies on head-knocking by private negotia-

tion rather than fiat by issuing orders.

Dunlop will have high-level help. The COLC will be advised by an elite committee of five union chiefs and five leaders of blue-ribbon corporations. Crusty AFL-CIO President Meany, who stormed off the Pay Board a year ago, has agreed to serve on the committee. So have Steelworkers President I.W. Abel, Teamsters President Frank Fitzsimmons, Seafarers President Paul Hall and UAW Chief Leonard Woodcock. The business members are Stephen Bechtel Jr., president of Bechtel Corp., a huge engineering and construction firm; Edward Carter, chairman of the Broadway-Hale department-store chain; R. Heath Larry, vice chairman of U.S. Steel; James Roche, retired chairman of General Motors; and Walter Wriston, chairman of New York's First National City Bank.

Empty Bins. The fact that so many prestigious union and corporate captains agreed to sit on the committee bodes well for the COLC, which will need considerable labor-management cooperation to make the new system work. Union leaders, who denounced Phase II for controlling pay more tightly than prices, have expressed cautious pleasure at the prospect of somewhat greater freedom in their wage negotiations. Business leaders were equally pleased by relaxation of the profit-margin rule. During Phase II, price increases were not permitted to push profit margins above the average for the best two of the three years preceding August 1971. This rule penalized efficient companies and those recovering from deep profit slumps; at the same time it encouraged unnecessary spending by companies trying to stay under the ceiling. Now the standard is the best two of the past four years. Executives can count in 1972, a year in which profit margins were rising.

What consumers think of Phase III will be determined above all by how fast food prices go up. Inability to hold them down was the great failure of

Phase II. Propelled almost entirely by prices of farm products, which have never been controlled, wholesale prices overall in December alone rose an expensive 1.6%, the greatest increase since the Korean War. Now, at long last, the Administration is moving to attack food prices at the farm level.

The Administration is telling farmers to put back into production 40 million acres of grain and soybean land that they were required to keep idle last year in order to qualify for subsidy. The Government's own stocks of grain, formerly held off the market to support prices, will be sold. Except for an emergency reserve, says Shultz, "we expect to empty the bins." Farmers who have been holding wheat from past years under Government loans, gambling on a rise in prices, will have the loans called and be forced to sell. In addition, farmers will be permitted to graze livestock on land held out of grain planting.

The aim of all the measures is to push more grain onto the market at lower prices and encourage farmers to raise more meat animals. In the long run, that is probably the only way to keep food prices down—but the long run in this case may be painfully protracted. The Administration's new moves cannot prevent the present huge increases in wholesale prices from pushing up the bill at meat counters and bakery shelves in the next few months.

How well Phase III works will depend on the political will and economic skill of the men running it. The new program is flexible enough to allow Nixon, Shultz, Dunlop and their team to be as tough or as lenient as they choose. If the new looser system does not work, the President can always go back to more formal and rigid rules. The Economic Stabilization Act of 1970 authorizes Nixon to set up any kind of wage-price mechanism he wants. Last week, he asked Congress to make just one change in the law: striking out April 30, 1973, as the expiration date and substituting April 30, 1974.

STEELWORKERS' ABEL

TEAMSTERS' FITZSIMMONS

UAW'S WOODCOCK

SEAFARERS' HALL

AFL-CIO'S MEANY





COMMUNIST GEORGES MARCHAIS



PRESIDENT GEORGES POMPIDOU



SOCIALIST FRANÇOIS MITTERRAND

THE WORLD

FRANCE

Pompidou on the Run

ONLY a year ago, everything seemed to be going right for Georges Pompidou. Hailed abroad as the paradigm of the "new European man," respected at home as the faithful trustee of Gaullist order and stability, backed in the National Assembly by a lopsided 274-seat majority, the French President seemed infinitely less vulnerable than his peers in Bonn, certainly, and even London. "If we don't do anything foolish," Pompidou's ministers were saying, "we will stay in power for another 30 years."

All of a sudden, Pompidou's people have begun to talk about a different time period. Instead of the year 2000, they now worry about making it past March. Then, some 22 million French voters will go to the polls to choose among 3,000 candidates for the 490 seats in the French Chamber of Deputies. For the first time since Charles de Gaulle founded the Fifth Republic in 1958, there is a real possibility that they will return a leftist majority. That would mean not only an end to 15 years of Gaullist control of the National Assembly but a potentially worrisome constitutional crisis since Pompidou's seven-year presidential term does not end until 1976.

The unexpectedly strong challenge to the Gaullists comes from a leftwing coalition formed by the Communists and Socialists. Last July, they agreed for the first time in 35 years to campaign on a common platform and then—if they won a parliamentary majority—to govern together. Much to everyone's

surprise, the so-called United Left has lately begun to show up on the long end of the opinion polls. In one nationwide sampling published last month by *Le Figaro*, the leftists had a 45%-to-38% lead over the Gaullists. With his personal popularity in a sharp decline—he slid from 61% approval in the October polls to 53% last month—Pompidou no longer speaks for France with his customary cool assurance.

Nevertheless, the leftist threat to Pompidou is still only theoretical. France does not have proportional representation, and voting districts tend to be laid out in ways that maximize Gaullist strength and minimize the impact of Socialist and Communist votes. Thus, a United Left majority at the polls next March would probably fail to translate into a majority in the Chamber of Deputies. Even so, the leftist challenge has forced France's erstwhile man of Europe to become a man on the run.

Making Points. The official campaign period begins in mid-February, but Pompidou is already running as if the vote were to be held next week. At a news conference in the Elysée Palace last week, the President played to his conservative constituency. He pointedly declared that he would not meet with four national leaders—Israel's Golda Meir, Sweden's Olof Palme, Denmark's Anker Jørgensen and Austria's Bruno Kreisky—who were due in Paris to attend an annual meeting of the Socialist International this week. "They are coming here as militants," Pompidou pro-

tested, "not as chiefs of state." Two days later, he flew off to Byelorussia for a two-day conference with Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev that seemed designed, at least in part, to make points with the French left.

What happened to Gaullism? Pompidou has been trying to prove to his countrymen not only that they never had it so good, but also that the best is yet to come. A soon-to-be-released study commissioned by the Elysée Palace two years ago limns an intoxicating future. France's robust 6% rate of growth will continue, argues the report by the European branch of Futurologist Herman Kahn's Hudson Institute, meaning that by 1985 the country could well capture West Germany's place as the world's fourth strongest economic power (after the U.S., the Soviet Union and Japan). In the meantime, the report predicts that per capita income will rise from \$3,600 a year to nearly \$6,000, making Frenchmen wealthier than just about anyone but Americans and Japanese.

Even so, the prosperity responsible for the rosy forecasts, the 13 million cars on the roads and the second homes in the countryside has not reached the millions of Frenchmen who earn \$180 or \$200 a month, or who try to live on old-age pensions frozen at \$2.20 a day in a time of rampant inflation. Overlaying the unevenness of *le boom* is an ill-defined but widely felt boredom with the Gaullists. Last spring, 40% of the French electorate did not even bother to turn out for a Common Market referendum that Pompidou too cleverly planned as a kind of national vote of confidence. Then came the scandals—notably the flap over former Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas's tax returns

(TIME, Feb. 14)—the Cabinet shuffles and the gray replacements. Chaban-Delmas's successor, Pierre Messmer, a colorless veteran of De Gaulle's Cabinets, made his debut in the Pompidou government in a saccharine and self-serving interview on the government TV network that left many Frenchmen with what *Le Monde* sadly described as a feeling "of embarrassment, almost of shame."

The dividends from France's general discontent have all flowed to the United Left. Georges Marchais, 52, the bluff-spoken Communist leader, made major concessions when he agreed to form the union with the Socialists, a coalition of non-Communist, leftist parties reorganized in 1965 by an old De Gaulle foe, François Mitterrand, 56. As a result, the union program is rather more socialist than Communist; it calls for nationalization of banks, insurance companies and major firms in "strategic industries." Even so, the prospect of even more government control in an economy that is already 12% nationalized worries many Frenchmen. At the voting booth, they may well heed the Gaullist charge that "the Socialists and Communists promise you El Dorado, but they'll give you Chile."

So far, the United Left leaders have been doing their best to promise as little as possible. Though Pompidou quietly ordered the government TV network to give Marchais a lot of exposure because "he frightens people," the Communist leader has been careful not to bite—or even bark. Speaking in soft, reassuring tones, Marchais has been telling French audiences that his Communists are not the party of the clenched fist but "the party of the outstretched hand." Pompidou can only worry how many that hand will reach

COMMUNIST RALLY NEAR PARIS



BRITISH THALIDOMIDE BABY PHILIPPA BRADBOURNE AT PLAY IN 1963

BRITAIN

The Thalidomide Affair

"Children who were robbed of the magic of their childhood by a man-made disaster are now approaching the highly sensitive and emotional years of adolescence without arms, without legs and, in some cases, without organs."

So cried British Labor M.P. Jack Ashley last month during a House of Commons debate on a subject that has roused his countrymen as few issues have done in recent years: compensation for some 400 children who were born deformed after their mothers took the tranquilizer thalidomide between 1958 and 1961. Belatedly awakened to the financial as well as the physical plight of the children, Britons have responded with a torrent of outrage directed at the former distributor of the drug, giant Distillers Co. Ltd. More important, perhaps, the outcry appears to have forced a widespread public examination of the outdated laws and traditions that allowed what the *Sunday Times* called a "national shame" to go so long unnoticed and unredressed.

The law has generally favored the stronger of two unevenly matched sides. On the one hand were the parents of the children; besides the emotional burden they carry, some have had to pay for specialist treatment and equipment, such as electric wheelchairs and home elevators, not provided by Britain's national health. On the other side was Distillers, one of Britain's largest and most profitable businesses, with assets of nearly \$1 billion. Distillers makes most of the world's top-selling brands of whisky and gin and owns a host of subsidiaries. At one time these included the pharmaceutical company—since sold—that marketed thalidomide under the name of Distaval until the drug was withdrawn from the market in 1961.

Ever since, Distillers has vigorously denied any legal responsibility. Since no proof of negligence has ever been established and since there was at the time no law in Britain holding a company responsible for the safety of its products, the law was on its side. Distillers, however, did tacitly admit some moral responsibility. The company offered to pay an average \$36,000 per child on condition that the suits were withdrawn and the offer accepted as final. In 1969 Distillers proposed to settle on all parents of thalidomide children a lump sum of \$7,000,000.

Far Short. Four parents refused, including David Mason, a wealthy London art dealer, who objected to plans to put the money into a charitable trust, which could mean that it would be distributed according to need. Mason held out for three long years in the face of legal harassment and pressures from other parents who blamed him for holding up the cash.

Last spring Distillers raised its offer by \$1,000,000—on condition that all parents accept the amount as a final settlement (even though it fell far short of one actuarial estimate of the real damages, calculated at \$240,000 per child). In August, Distillers dropped the condition, but Mason and a handful of other parents still held out.

Britain's newspapers, meanwhile, have been severely circumscribed in their reporting on the case since the first suit was launched against Distillers in 1962. Any editor who dares comment on a case *sub judice* risks being held in contempt of court and sent to jail indefinitely. The silence was broken last fall, when *Sunday Times* Ed-

*In West Germany, where the drug was invented, the parents of some 2,000 surviving children settled with C. Henner Grünenthal in 1970 for about \$14,000 each. In Sweden, Astra Pharmaceutical agreed in 1969 to pay \$1,200 a year for life to each of 100 victims, with cost-of-living increases built in.

THE WORLD



PARENT-SHAREHOLDER DAVID MASON
Never the same again.

itor Harold Evans published the first five articles of a planned six-part series on the children's plight. Evans escaped jail when Britain's Lord Chief Justice, Lord Widgery, tortuously ruled that the articles already printed were not in contempt of court, but the last planned one would be (*TIME*, Dec. 4). That decision silenced the *Sunday Times*. By then, London Weekend Television had interviewed parents, and editors around the country began to tell the story as reporters.

By Christmas, the story was front-page news in nearly every daily in the country, and Britons began to raise a storm of protest. In Parliament, Labor's Ashley, who is chairman of an all-party Parliamentary Group on Disablement (and is totally deaf himself), declared "There are a thousand excuses why these children should receive no money and every single excuse has been scavenged by this company throughout the last decade.

Spirits Glass. By that time, Distillers had raised its offer to \$12 million. That stilled the critics briefly—until they realized that inflation had virtually made the amount worth less in real terms than the \$7,000,000 the company had offered to pay in 1969. Distillers tried again, offering to increase the amount to \$26 million if the government would grant it some tax relief. Alert critics pointed out that the company was really offering the same \$12 million, and asking the taxpayers to foot the bill for the remaining \$14 million.

Distillers had obviously not calculated the force of protest. First, anonymous posters began appearing around the country, showing, in one case, a spirit's glass with a deformed child in the bottom. No fewer than 254 M.P.s signed a motion calling on the company to honor its "moral responsibilities." Then a group of rebel shareholders in the company, including Art Dealer Mason, called for an extraordinary general meeting of the shareholders to discuss

possible removal of Distillers Chairman Sir Alexander McDonald—who had been knighted only last year for "services to exports." The charge: "failure to provide adequate compensation" for the thalidomide children.

Almost immediately, major shareholders began lining up to support the proposed meeting: among them were Prudential Assurance Co. and Legal and General Assurance Society, Britain's two largest insurance companies; Bankers Trust; the General and Municipal Workers Union; and dozens of local authorities, including those of London's boroughs and the cities of Birmingham and Manchester. Wrensons, a chain of supermarkets, banned Distillers' goods from its shelves. On the London Stock Exchange, Distillers' shares dropped a total of \$70.5 million in value in nine days. Two weeks ago, the company yielded to the pressure and made a far more generous offer that parents are still considering: a total of more than \$51 million, \$12,000 to be paid immediately to each family, and the rest put into a charitable trust fund that would guarantee a lifetime income.

The thalidomide affair has already had an incalculable impact on the British way of doing many things. The City of London—that is, its financial institutions—"will never be the same again," declared a spokesman for the Legal and General Assurance Society. Prudential Assurance Co. said that it would have to think about wielding its power as a massive shareholder more often. In Parliament, Labor M.P. Ronald Lewis introduced a bill that would hold drug manufacturers, sellers and distributors to an implied warranty that their product is safe—a first for Britain—and give a child crippled before birth the right to sue. Finally, the laws that gagged Britain's press, and allowed the affair to drag on unnoticed for a decade, may be radically altered, probably forever, by the courageous precedent of Editor Evans and the *Sunday Times*.

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Postwar War

The time: possibly a few weeks from now. The negotiations in Paris have been successful, and a cease-fire has been declared in Viet Nam. But instead of peace, there is a spate of small-scale skirmishes as both sides make a frenzied rush to claim contested land. Every day there are reports of assassinations —of both South Vietnamese government officials and suspected Communist sympathizers. Almost every town in the land is subjected to a cacophony of demonstrations, celebrations and parades. There is also a deadly serious war of flags, as each side plants its banners in as many villages as possible, and tears down those of its opponent. By the time the proposed international supervisory commission arrives, "peace" in Viet Nam has become another kind of war.

That scenario is not entirely imaginary. On the evidence of captured Communist documents and the public and private edicts of South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu, it is the most probable aftermath of any cease-fire. Both sides have for months been preparing for a tumultuous, violent postwar that will determine the political future of South Viet Nam as much as any battle of the past.

Within 72 hours after an agreement is signed in Paris, North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces plan a coordinated charge into Saigon-controlled cities, villages and rural hamlets. The crack North Vietnamese 7th Division, stationed north of Saigon, has had standing orders since October to "force enemy personnel to withdraw. Gain control of many more hamlets. Motivate the people and support them to rise up, kill tyrants and break the enemy's oppressive control." Another Communist directive orders units to "incite inhabitants to engage in street demonstra-

PRO-GOVERNMENT DEMONSTRATORS CARRYING SOUTH VIETNAMESE FLAGS IN SAIGON





Forward Motion

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The Tree Growing Company.

tions to welcome the victories of the revolution," and to "lead enemy troops' dependents to their relatives' posts to urge them to desert and return home."

The Communists have been meticulous in planning a takeover of the key city of Danang, according to captured documents. When the agreement is broadcast, Communist troops will execute a two-part plan. Some units will make a concerted military assault on the city's police and militia posts. At the same time, other troops will "hang peace flags and lanterns, fly flower-decked balloons and hold unicorn dances [traditional Vietnamese dance at a time of joy], entertainment shows and peace-float processions to create an enthusiastic atmosphere and rally a large number of people. In the event the enemy represses the demonstrators," the directive adds, "we will carry the corpses of the demonstrators to city hall."

Banner Battle. To subvert any strictures on new arms shipments, the Communists have ordered that weapons and munitions plants hidden in the jungles of Cambodia and Laos be smuggled piecemeal into South Viet Nam. (For much the same reason, tons of equipment on U.S. bases have been formally donated to the South Vietnamese, then "loaned" back.)

Both sides have given top priority to a battle of the banners, symbols of territorial control. Communist directives urge troops to "be ready to plant flags when occupying territory, and hang flags everywhere when the agreement is signed; this is the way to enlarge our area and snatch people and land from the enemy. Plant flags, hang flags, paint flags, set up triumphal arches, display posters."

President Thieu is also thinking flag. He has prohibited imports of red, blue or gold cloth, the colors of the National Liberation Front banner, and issued orders that anyone caught tearing down a government flag is to be shot on sight. When a cease-fire seemed near last October, he hastily ordered more than a million red and yellow South Viet Nam banners. The Government colors now fly from or are painted on virtually every building and lamppost in Saigon-controlled sections of the country.

The Communist moves must await a cease-fire; but Thieu can act now, and he has. He has dispersed South Vietnamese soldiers to head off any Viet Cong rush into contested hamlets, and sent 5,000 young officer cadets into the countryside to bolster the villagers' resolve. He has mounted a brutal campaign against dissidents, during which Communists have been assassinated and 10,000 or more suspected sympathizers—including many pacifists and neutralists—have been imprisoned for indefinite terms. Recently Thieu secretly ordered a "reclassification" of many political captives. They are now listed as common criminals, so that they can be held beyond any cease-fire exchange.

Each side, of course, hopes to win

during the cease-fire the contested territory that it could not win in battle. In this postwar, Thieu will have the advantage of the sheer weight of government and a visible standing army. The Communists, however, may have the more imaginative plans. When the supervisory commission arrives, says one directive, "we must mobilize the people to bring flags to meet it and present it with petitions and demand that the commission give its guarantee to the people of the liberated areas."

The postwar peace may thus be won or lost in the first few days—or else the groundwork will be laid for another prolonged war, as happened in the mid-1950s. Following the 1954 Geneva accord, both sides ruthlessly prevented the International Control Commission from observing its war preparations. History may repeat itself unless a new supervisory commission is in place when a cease-fire takes effect. Otherwise the commission will likely find its job rendered impossible before it ever reaches South Viet Nam.

THE PHILIPPINES

Smiling No More

Last month President Ferdinand Marcos lifted his martial law restrictions on freedom of speech and the press to permit a grace period of open debate on a new constitution for his troubled country. Last week he suddenly banned further free discussion and indefinitely postponed the plebiscite, which had originally been scheduled for Jan. 15. Instead, the Philippine President said, people would only be able to express their views on the new constitution at a series of government-organized citizens' assemblies.

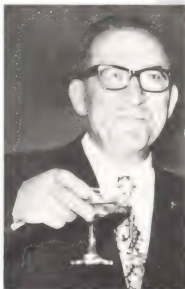
Marcos announced the tough new action in a report on the first 100 days of martial law. Unscrupulous politicians, he said, had abused the removal of restrictions on free speech "to resume influence peddling" and foment rumor, anxiety and disorder. He declared that rumormongering would henceforth be considered a subversive crime.

There was little doubt that the debate had been somewhat freer than Marcos had intended. The grace period of debate was his response to critics who argued that a referendum held under the strict regulations of martial law could hardly provide a true index of popular attitudes. Opponents of the new charter, which provides for a parliamentary form of government, fielded a range of articulate spokesmen, among them Jesuit priests and members of Marcos' own party. They argued—convincingly, it would seem—that the constitution would give Marcos dictatorial powers for as long as he wanted them (it sets no date by which he must convene the Parliament, for example).

Backing away from the plebiscite, Marcos said that he had tried to give

the Philippines a "smiling martial law." But his regime has grown increasingly uneasy in recent weeks. Last month Imelda Marcos, the President's wife, was injured by a knife-wielding assailant at a public gathering. Communal violence between Muslims and Christians in Mindanao and Sulu has also flared up (TIME, Jan. 15).

As the hastily organized neighborhood forums got under way, information Secretary Francisco Tatad indicated that if the response to the new constitution was favorable, Marcos would accept it as a "people's mandate" and the constitution could be considered ratified. The assemblies will also be asked whether Congress should convene as usual next week—a move that Congressmen favor but Marcos has opposed.



MINTOFF TOASTING 1972 AGREEMENT

MALTA

Deadline Dom

A certain aura of predictability surrounded events last week on the tiny (122 sq. mi.) Mediterranean island of Malta. Britain's quarterly payment of \$8,325,000 to cover the cost of garrisoning 2,800 troops on the island had been refused by Maltese Prime Minister Dom Mintoff. The fiery Mintoff, in rebuffing the routine payment from the Bank of England, 1) demanded higher rent from Britain; 2) intimated that he would evict the troops unless he received it; 3) flew to Tripoli seeking support from Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi; and 4) tried to con other NATO nations that share in the rent payments into putting more pressure on London. What made the whole thing so familiar was that Mintoff had followed eventually the same script a year ago in a comic-opera confrontation that rocked

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on for nine months before it was eventually resolved.

At that time Mintoff was trying to renegotiate a seven-year contract covering support payments for the modest British air and naval force that has remained on Malta since the island was granted sovereignty in 1964. Whitehall was paying \$12 million a year; Mintoff demanded \$72 million and delivered so many eviction ultimatums that he earned the nickname "Deadline Dom." Britain refused to give in to Mintoff's demands. Instead, Whitehall flew special demolition teams into Malta to dismantle the British bases, and it bundled up wives and children and deserted a post where Englishmen have served since Napoleonic days. In the end, Mintoff accepted a \$36.4 million annual settlement, with the U.S., West Germany, Italy, The Netherlands and Belgium providing most of the increase. The formal signing of the agreement in London was accompanied by champagne. Mintoff drank heartily but British Defense Minister Lord Carrington refused to touch his glass. Relations were serene, however, until Mintoff's latest attempt to renegotiate the contract unilaterally. Last year's agreement, he complained, had been made before the British government allowed the pound sterling to float. Since this resulted in *de facto* devaluation, Mintoff said, he was actually losing much of what he had been granted last year. If he did not receive more, the British might have to leave.

Latest Ploy. Mintoff has a delicate problem in deciding how far to proceed with his threats. He needs the British on Malta, because the island's economy is staggering. Unemployment is up to 7%, tourism has fallen off and emigration is on the rise. Mintoff's Labor Party holds only a one-seat majority over Dr. George Borg Olivier's Nationalists and would likely lose any election held now. The Prime Minister has not exactly increased his popularity with the 330,000 Maltese by threatening to make them repatriate investments kept abroad, including an estimated \$500 million in the United Kingdom. Moreover, Malta is no longer the legendary unsinkable aircraft carrier of World War II. The only strategic reason Britain maintains naval and air groups there is that by doing so it denies Malta's bases to East bloc forces.

NATO would like to retain the Malta lease as cheaply as possible. Last week, as a result, Britain's NATO partners offered Mintoff an additional \$2,000,000 one-time increase. At week's end, the Prime Minister had not made up his mind whether to accept the offer. His latest ploy was a rather dramatic attempt to shame NATO into upping the ante. He said that Malta would refuse all payments under the present contract but would magnanimously let the British remain, free of charge. That, at least, was a new scene in an all too familiar script.

CANADA

Tiptoe on a Tightrope

For four years Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau ruled Canada's 28th Parliament with the confident, almost imperious air of a ringmaster. But as he faced a new Parliament last week, with his Liberal Party stripped of its fact majority by the October election, Trudeau was tiptoeing on a tightrope. Waiting in the wings, eager to bump him off his perch and form a new government, stood the Progressive Conservative Party, which has only two fewer seats than Trudeau's Liberals. Trudeau is still aloft, and could remain there for months—or he could topple in a matter of days or weeks. It depends less on his ability to withstand the Tories' attacks than on whether he gets a helping hand from a third party.

Trudeau's fate, in short, is at the

COWBORN—GAP/ALP/REX



TRUDEAU SCANS NEW PARLIAMENT
In need of a helping hand.

mercy of Canada's socialist-minded New Democratic Party. The October election reduced the Liberal representation in the 264-member House of Commons from 146 to 109. The Progressive Conservative Party won 107 seats, the Quebec-based populist Social Credit Party took 15, and independents have two. The remaining 31 seats—and the balance of power—belong to the N.D.P., led by shrewd former Labor Lawyer David Lewis. As long as the N.D.P. supports Trudeau on key votes, his government will survive and another election will be delayed.

For the time being, at least, the N.D.P. seems prepared to back Trudeau. Never rich in funds, the N.D.P. is not eager to finance another election campaign at present. Indeed, according to an N.D.P. survey, the voters themselves oppose another campaign just now. Moreover, with little chance of winning the next election, the N.D.P. may be able to achieve some of its leg-

islative goals by forcing concessions from the friend-in-need Liberals.

Trudeau encouraged that prospect with his list of legislative intentions, which is traditionally presented at the opening of Parliament. More comprehensive than usual and reflecting a certain contriteness toward an electorate that had chastised him in October, the list included several social welfare programs (such as increased old-age pensions) that have been championed by the New Democrats. Thus Lewis found it relatively easy to pledge his support for the government until he sees how Trudeau follows through on the proposals. Exulted Liberal Strategist Allan MacEachen: "We've been given a real chance to stay on. Only an accident could derail us now."

There was no accident last week as the N.D.P. voted with the Liberals to turn back a nonconfidence motion put forward by the Progressive Conserva-

tives. But accidents can happen. The Tories, led by Robert Stanfield, envision several circumstances that could cost the Liberals a vital vote and thus force the government's resignation. A mismanaged Liberal proposal might make it impossible for the N.D.P. to avoid voting with the Tories; a surprise maneuver by the Tories could catch the government short of members when an important vote was called; a Trudeau temper tantrum might shift the mood of the House against him.

The Liberals recognize the perils. Close associates have been warning Trudeau in recent weeks not to allow himself to be provoked into one of his legendary outbursts of profanity. In fact, the former swinger of the Western political world has at times seemed more than somewhat subdued. During the visit that Trudeau made to Britain in December, the *Times* of London was moved to observe: "Being Prime Minister of Canada for four years has dulled him nearly beyond recognition."

Flashes of Fire. There are still, however, flashes of the old fire. In one of his first sessions of the new Parliament, Trudeau hotly accused Tory members of trying to "divide Canada" in the election campaign—a reference to the effort by some Tories to capitalize on anti-Quebec feelings generated among English-speaking voters. But Trudeau's charge was so ill-timed and ill-tempered that it left some of his party colleagues shaking their heads in dismay. Stanfield, normally a dull public speaker, shone by comparison. When a fellow Tory heckled Trudeau about trying to change his image, Stanfield interjected with a sly allusion to government statistics on unemployment: "Oh, he's the same Prime Minister—seasonally adjusted." Even Trudeau had to chuckle at that.

1973 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight.

United Air Lines' Senior VP for Maintenance Operations, Marvin Whitlock, thinks its engineering integrity makes it the best luxury car he's ever driven.

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"What I feel in this Olds Ninety-Eight is, in one word, security. Everything about it—the engineering, the response, the handling and ride—added up to that. I've owned Oldsmobiles for years so I know their reliability, especially the engines. But this was more. It was a grand feeling of confidence."

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By far the most visible and redoubtable monument to the cold war remains the 840-mile barricade of barbed wire, minefields, watchtowers and armed police that has constituted the frontier between divided Germany for two decades. In spite of the political *détente* that is expected to arise from the recent state treaty signed by the Federal Republic of Germany and the German Democratic Republic, East German authorities are reinforcing the deadly barrier. In recent months, for example, workmen have been methodically replacing the barbed wire fences with new gratings; their mesh is too fine to climb.

Such grim improvements in the barrier are clearly designed to discourage East Germans, 871 of whom escaped last year, from interpreting *détente* as a license to flee to the West. Other recent innovations will relieve East German border guards of any problem of conscience they might have. Although guards are under orders to shoot to kill would-be escapees on sight, some have apparently looked the other way or deliberately avoided hitting their

compatriots. The East Germans have now equipped sections of the barrier with automatic self-firing weapons, mounted on three levels so that anyone seeking to jump the fence will trigger a shower of bullets.

Where there are no self-firing weapons, second and third fences have been laid behind the frontier barrier with buried mines and a deep concrete-plated ditch between them. This type of fortification is intended to prevent a favorite escape maneuver: crashing through the barricade with a heavy car. Along certain sections of the border, the fences farthest away from the frontier are now equipped with electrified barbed wire that, when touched, alerts nearby border-control posts by optical and acoustical signals. Floodlights along populated sections of the frontier have long afforded West Germans a permanent panorama of escape attempts. Although such attempts have become suicidal, they are expected to continue. From now on, however, the new double barricades will help hide the spectacle from Western eyes.

ISRAEL

A City in Sinai

Except for occasional maneuvering armies, the only people who ever lingered on the scrub- and cactus-sprinkled sand dunes of northeastern Sinai were Bedouin tribesmen. That will soon change. Within the next two months, Israeli surveyors—to be followed by bulldozers and construction workers—will begin charting the site for a new city in a 40-sq.-mi. strip of coastal land below the Gaza border town of Rafah in a corner of the Israeli-occupied Sinai Peninsula. By the end of 1974, a settlement large enough to support 350 families will have been built. By the end of the century, if the planners have their way, the settlement will have grown to a com-

munity of 232,000 people. All this is happening on territory that is still legally Egyptian, in clear defiance of a United Nations resolution and overwhelming world opinion that Israeli-conquered territory should be returned to Egypt.

"At Rafah," says an Arab lawyer in Beirut who specializes in international law, "the Israelis will be building on sand, legally speaking as well as literally. But that has never deterred them in the past." Indeed not, judging by one of Zionism's favorite epics. In 1909 a band of Jewish families followed Meir Dizengoff out of Jaffa to a deserted stretch of dunes; they listened in hope and disbelief as Dizengoff prophesied that a Jewish community of 25,000 would rise on the sand where they stood.

Dizengoff's settlement of Tel Aviv

(The Hill of Spring) far exceeded even his expectations. Today greater Tel Aviv, one of whose main streets is named after Dizengoff, has a population of 1,200,000. It has swallowed up Jaffa, crowned its busy industry with smog as thick at times as Los Angeles', and generated so much crime that tough border police have been retrained and reassigned to Tel Aviv to cut down robberies and street violence.

Today, the rest of Israel is growing almost as rapidly. The present population of 3,100,000 is expected to reach 5,000,000 by the year 2000, and there is not much space to move to. Jerusalem (pop. 291,000) can accommodate few more people, and the port city of Haifa (pop. 217,000) is equally crowded. From the Lebanese border town of Nahariya to Ashkelon in the south, Is-



TEL AVIV: FOUNDERS ON THE SAND DUNES IN 1909 (ABOVE) & THE CITY TODAY

THE WORLD

rael's coastline is becoming an urban sprawl much like the Boston-Washington metropolitan corridor. Israeli planners already refer to their emerging mini-Bos-Wash as NASH.

Defense Minister Moshe Dayan's solution for this is new settlements on occupied land. In order to secure its borders, Israel, since the Six-Day War, has been building permanent settlements in territories captured from neighboring Arab states. On the Syrian Golan Heights, for instance, there is a new Israeli settlement called Benei Yehuda. Sharm el Sheikh, overlooking the Straits of Tiran in southern Sinai, has been renamed Ophir and is being developed as an Israeli town, along with the communities of Di-Zahav and Neviot farther up the coast. The Gaza Strip, although it will continue to have an Arab identity, is to remain in Israeli hands.

Buffer Zone. Dayan's concept in northern Sinai is to build up the area with Israeli settlements, not only to provide needed Israeli housing but also to make Egyptian attack impossible. He contends that the original settlement can be stretched to create a buffer zone, with satellite towns as far as the Sinai hills 50 miles away. His most vigorous opposition springs from the left-wing Mapam Party. It accepts border settlements as a temporary protective measure but believes that in the long run, the country will be more secure if a formal peace is negotiated and Arabs are granted equal rights and a separate state within what once was Palestine. Mapam leaders have criticized Dayan's proposal as "creeping annexation behind a smoke screen of pragmatic talk."

The Sinai plan was hotly debated at a recent meeting of Premier Golda Meir's Labor coalition. "Who has the strength to undertake such a city?" asked Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir, citing initial cost estimates of \$950 million. Dayan's answer: "I believe in the power of the Jewish people."

For the present the proposed center is known only as *Pithat Rafah* (Approach to Rafah). The community is a planner's dream. Two-thirds of the population will live in twelve-story high-rise apartments. The remainder will occupy semidetached houses, eight families to an acre. Many of their social needs have already been slide-ruled and computerized: 30 students to a classroom, a movie theater for each 3,500 families, four acres of sports facilities for every 1,000 families.

To control pollution and congestion, manufacturing will be limited to light industry and scattered on the edges of the city. More than 50% of the work force will have service jobs connected with the tourist industry that is expected to develop from the sandy beaches near by and the warm, rain-free skies overhead during nine months of the year. *Pithat Rafah* even has the beginnings of a chamber of commerce: boosters are already bragging that the climate is much nicer than Tel Aviv's.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Pop Goes the KGB

Hard though it may be to believe, the invisible listeners who electronically eavesdrop on foreigners through Moscow's walls seem to have a sense of humor. At one New Year's party in the Soviet capital, there was a champagne-fueled debate on how agents manning the microphones and tape recorders were spending the holiday. "Imagine the poor devils down at the KGB sitting listening to all the parties tonight and not a drop to drink," said one Western diplomat, raising another glass. A few minutes later the phone rang and the host answered. He heard no voice—only the unmistakable pop of a cork and the glug-glug pouring of champagne. Then the callers, anonymous as ever, hung up.



LEE TEES OFF IN BANGKOK

Diplomatic Golf

Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew flew into Thailand last week acting like an ordinary tourist. He played a round of golf, sampled Bangkok's famous cuisine, and laid on a sightseeing tour that was mostly followed, as it turned out, by Mrs. Lee. Meanwhile the Singapore delegation, including Lee's Foreign Minister and his intelligence experts, huddled in secret talks with Thai Prime Minister Thanom Kittikachorn and his assistants. What the Singapore visitors had come to propose was the creation of a new regional defense strategy, by Asians and for Asians.

Lee is convinced that such a strategy is needed. What he fears particularly is that the U.S. may pull out its bombers soon after a Viet Nam cease-fire is signed. He and the Thais last week reached an estimate that the bombers would remain for at least the next four years. What Lee wants to work out is

what kind of military alignment can take shape in the meantime. Building a strong military force, Lee explained, would require the backing of at least one major power. That in turn could lead other powers to form a bloc against the Southeast Asian countries, thus creating a new period of confrontation. Instead of building armies, Lee proposed that both Singapore and Thailand share military intelligence on Communist activities in the region and exchange expertise.

The Southeast Asians have even more expansive plans for peace. Within seven days of the signing of any Viet Nam cease-fire agreement, Singapore, Thailand and other nations belonging to the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (which also includes Indonesia, Malaysia, and the Philippines) would call a meeting to which they would invite both Viet Nams, Cambodia, Laos and Burma. "We want them in the association," says Thai Deputy Foreign Minister Chaitichai Choonhawan, "because we want to see work start on reconstructing the damage done by war."

Back to Youth

In the chaotic days of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, millions of youthful Red Guards were unleashed by Mao Tse-tung to scrub China clean of prerevolutionary ideas. Instead, the Red Guards nearly wrecked the country, and had to be suppressed by the army. Now Mao is turning to youth again. Apparently the Chairman feels that its energy—if carefully controlled by party cadres—can spur the dragging campaign to rid China of revisionist "poison" spread by Lin Biao, Mao's former heir apparent.

The new shock troops will be drawn from the Communist Youth League, which was virtually destroyed during the Cultural Revolution but is now being carefully reconstructed. Last November Mao issued "important instructions" to rectify and rebuild the league. Since then, preparatory conferences have been held in hundreds of cities and counties. Party workers are calling for the enlistment of young people who "have studied Marxism-Leninism and Mao's thought hard, actively taken part in great revolutionary campaigns, and integrated closely with the masses." Youths who are being recruited to join the league receive promises of such social luxuries as libraries, sports leagues and even glee clubs, where they will sing revolutionary songs.

Despite such inducements, the task of finding "reliable" recruits has been slow and painful. Ever mindful of the Red Guard excesses, party leaders charged with the rebuilding program are wary of youths who display too much fanaticism. On the other side, many former ex-Red Guards are so embittered over their exile to the countryside for re-education that they have resisted enlistment efforts.

PEOPLE

It was time to move, so Washington Hostess **Barbara Hower**, onetime social fixture of **Lyndon Johnson's** White House, decided to do things in her own noisy way. Instead of shifting all the junk from one place to another, she advertised a garage sale, opened the doors to her Georgetown establishment and attracted a block-long line of some 2,500 eager souvenir hunters. Barbara offered such items as: a leopard-skin rug (\$60), a bathtub full of used cosmetics (two for 5¢), a 125-piece set of Wedgwood china (\$800), an old telephone that "Henry Kissinger made several important calls on" (\$15), some plastic table mats (25¢ each), some old birth-control pills (two for 5¢) and a familiar object hung over the fireplace and labeled: "Historic second-hand toilet seat and lid used at one time or other by **George McGovern**, **Arthur Schlesinger Jr.**, **Gore Vidal**, **Yevushenko** and **Gloria Steinem**. \$50." "All this fancy stuff doesn't appeal to me any more," Barbara explained after netting \$15,000. Her next appearance: a memoir entitled *Laughing All the Way*, to be published on April Fool's Day.

It was "fascinating and exhilarating... Everywhere, you see the strong foundations for a better future being boldly, laboriously, intelligently laid. Whether in agriculture or industry, you find eye-popping achievements." What hath God wrought? The words are those of none other than Columnist **Joseph Alsop**, talking about China. A patrician conservative who long described the Peking regime as though it were directly ruled by Satan, Alsop recently

toured the old battlefields, where he had served with the Chinese Nationalists during World War II. He found himself hugely impressed by the industrial growth and disciplined spirit, and he took such copious notes ("a V-A-A-S-T accumulation") that he was still publishing his paeans under Chinese datelines almost a month after his return to Washington. As for his apparent change of heart toward the old enemy: "The only basic opinion I changed is that it does work a great deal better than I had supposed. I can't say I shed any illusions."

The audience was "the cream of Central Casting," said **Bob Hope**, adding: "This place looks like a living wax

PETER BERG/ABC-CAMERAS



ZUKOR WITH LAMOUR & HOPE
A wonderful life.

museum." The occasion: the 100th birthday of **Adolph Zukor**, who imported the U.S.'s first feature movie (*Queen Elizabeth*, starring **Sarah Bernhard**), and founded Paramount Pictures. "I don't see many movies today," said Zukor, hunched over his cane, "because my eyesight isn't too good. I would work in pictures today if I were a young man." Zukor accepted homage from people like **Alfred Hitchcock**, **James Stewart**, **Jack Benny**, **Diana Ross** and **Michael Caine**. There were rose petals (70 packages of them), a rope of flowers and a real live **Dorothy Lamour**, escorted by two chimpanzees named **Bob** and **Bing**. Columnist **Earl Wilson** asked some guests whether they would like to be 100. "I don't think so," said **Bette Davis**. "Yes, but I'd only admit to being 90," said **Zsa Zsa Gabor**.

After Cavalry Lieut. Mark Phillips spent two successive weekends as a guest of Britain's **Princess Anne** at Sandringham House, London gossips were



LIEUT. PHILLIPS & PRINCESS ANNE
A warm farewell.

twitter at the prospects of the first British royal wedding in more than a decade. The twitter grew louder when the lieutenant, sailing off for a two-year tour of duty in Germany, bade a warm dockside farewell to the Princess in full view of stevedores, soldiers and security guards. "They were just like any other couple saying goodbye to each other," said a guard. "They were two nice little kisses." But to talk of an impending engagement, Phillips replies, is "absolute rubbish."

The authorities in Geneva cannot register a birth until the baby has a name, but **Carlo Ponti** and **Sophia Loren** were so sure that their second child would be a girl that the only name they had picked was *Sophia Penelope*—which would hardly do for a 7-lb. 4-oz. *bambino*. While the actress convalesced from the caesarean, the Pontis brooded over more manly names for a day or so and finally chose **Edoardo Giammaria Leone**. It comes from nowhere and no one in particular, says Ponti. "We just thought it was a nice name."

Nobel-prizewinning Novelist **Alexander Solzhenitsyn** may be too celebrated to imprison, but there are other ways for the Kremlin to harass rebellion. The Soviets have just thrown a smokescreen over Solzhenitsyn's novel, *August 1914*, by publishing 100,000 copies of **Barbara Tuchman's** 1962 history of the same period, *The Guns of August*. (Mrs. Tuchman, who was neither consulted nor paid, said the Soviet tactic was "absurd" because "Solzhenitsyn and I come to much the same conclusions.") As another harassment the Russian Supreme Court undertook to review Solzhenitsyn's 1971 divorce decree from his first wife—and reversed it. That prevented him from marrying his companion, **Natalya Svetlova**, and legitimizing their two sons.



COLUMNIST ALSOP IN PEKING
A change of opinion.



JACK PAAR EXCHANGING PLEASANTRIES WITH ACTRESS GOLDIE HAWN

TELEVISION

Paar Exhumed

"Jack's back!" proclaimed ABC. "Television's most exciting personality returns to late night! He's as witty, warm, irreverent, unpredictable and controversial as ever." At least part of the network's hallyhoo was accurate. After eight years Jack Paar had indeed returned as a TV regular, and, yes, he was on late at night.

For viewers who had watched Paar in the late '50s and early '60s, however, the new Jack Paar was an acute attack of *déjà vu*. A large dollop of nostalgia was in order, of course, but younger viewers must simply have been dumbfounded by Paar's smorgasbord from the past. Almost all the old faces—living and dead—were there. Peggy Cass sat in as Paar's answer to Ed McMahon, introducing Paar and doing commercials. Genevieve, whose funny French accent Paar discovered, was a guest, along with such other oldtime regulars as Jonathan Winters. Even Pisanist Oscar Levant, who died last year, came back—in a replay of a show from the early '60s.

At times the clock seemed to have stopped in 1961 or '62, the year Paar quit NBC's *Tonight Show*. Paar found some old home movies of John Kennedy, to which he added his own maudlin commentary, speaking in an almost eerie way of "the President"—as if J.F.K. still resided at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. In the exhibitionistic '70s, Paar's notion of sly comedy often seemed notably dated too. When Goldie Hawn came on, for instance, he joked about her flat chest. Two nights later he introduced Lee Meredith, a big-bosomed beauty from Neil Simon's comedy *The Sunshine Boys*. Again the same tiresome joke—in reverse.

Part of Paar's trouble was technical snafus. The first night his microphone went dead, and there were miscues for commercials. Beyond that, Paar—quite understandably—was more than usually nervous. "Look at me," he said. "I look confident and serene. Would you believe that I put both feet through the same hole in my Jockey shorts?"

In many ways Paar's vulnerability,

his corniness and even his egocentricity are more appealing than the bland professionalism of a Johnny Carson, the empty-headed grin of a Merv Griffin, and the sometimes annoying coldness of a Dick Cavett (who will also have one week each month on ABC's *Wide World of Entertainment*). If Paar irritates, he also occasionally engages and surprises. "One thing Paar had, which I think he still has," says Robert Carman, the show's executive producer, "is his hold over people, the fear that if you turn him off, you might miss something."

There is room, certainly, for fresh faces and fresh views on the talk shows, which have settled into a deep rut of predictability, with the same authors selling the same books and the same actors shilling for the same movies. In selecting guests, Paar has announced a policy of "avoid the flock." Along with the not-so-golden oldies, his first week offered a new and funny comic, Kelly Monteith, and a remarkable sleeper in the person of Michael Meyers, a young doctor and sometime actor with an endless supply of hospital horror stories.

Like Cavett, however, Paar's real problem may be the ratings, which ABC used to cut back Cavett despite considerable protest from his fans. So far, even allowing for curiosity and nostalgia, the reaction to Paar has been less than stunning in New York and Los Angeles, the only two cities that have overnight reports. Preliminary reports, however, are inconclusive, and Carson, who seems to spend as little time as possible on his own show, does not have a permanent lease on the Nielsen's.

Paar, at least, seems certain of his success. "God," he said with customary familiarity, "is kind to pregnant women, drunks and Jack Paar."

Ultimate Soap Opera

In many ways *An American Family* is a soap opera. The father, William Loud, 50, is a handsome, successful businessman in glossy Santa Barbara, Calif. The mother, Pat, 45, is equally handsome, with a touch of sophistication her husband lacks. Their five children—Lance, 20; Kevin, 18; Grant, 17;

Delilah, 16; and Michele, 14—are bright, good-looking and almost unannouncedly articulate.

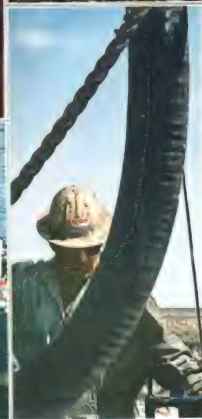
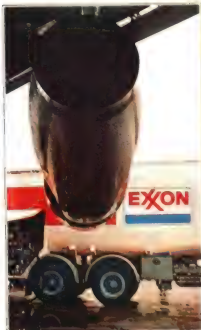
Since no soap opera is complete without anguish, the Loud family has its troubles. Eldest son Lance has migrated to New York to join the gay community. As the twelve episodes of *Family* unfold on the TV screen, Bill's business runs into serious financial problems. Finally, toward the middle of the series, Pat and Bill decide to get a divorce.

Yet if *An American Family*, whose first episode premiered on the Public Broadcasting System last week—and which will run on consecutive Thursdays through March—is a soap opera, it is surely the ultimate soap opera. For the Louds are real people. They allowed themselves to be photographed for seven months—from late May through December 1971—by various teams from New York. All in all, to produce twelve hours for the TV viewer, some 300 hours were filmed at a total cost of more than \$1,200,000, which was underwritten by the Ford Foundation and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. The show was the idea of Producer Craig Gilbert. He took three months and discarded about 50 candidates before deciding on the Louds, but he quickly disclaims any intention of shooting a "typical" American family. Still, he says, "any family living in America in 1971 was subject to certain cultural pressures that were universal."

Shocked. The television audience may or may not agree—and in any case may not care. *An American Family* is extraordinarily interesting to watch. But the Louds, collectively and individually, have been shocked by the film. "I think they have dealt badly with our honor and trust," complains Pat. Craig Gilbert "left out all the joyous, happy hours of communication and fun." "It's a caricature," says Lance, who is already writing his own version of the filming. "My father is persecuted as a stagger-on drunk and I'm shown as a swish-on."

In truth, the Louds are in some ways far from typical. For one thing, Bill Loud owns his own business, which sells replacement parts for strip-mining equipment, and his family is a whole lot richer than all but a small percentage of Americans. For another, the Louds permitted the filming. But anyone who has ever raised children, or who can remember his own childhood, will feel a shock of recognition seeing Gilbert's film. "It was a terrific family in many ways," says Alan Raymond, who shot most of the scenes. "Both Pat and Bill tried to be good parents."

How did the camera itself affect the Louds? No one knows for sure, though a likely guess is that various forms of self-consciousness toned down the family's language and the drama on occasion. As to the divorce, Photographer Raymond thinks that it was inevitable, and the family so far has not disagreed.



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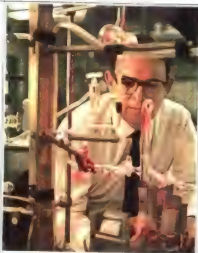
Simply running the business of oil efficiently these days is not good enough. That's why Exxon is investing some \$200,000,000 every year to remove sulfur, to clean up water and to do a lot of other things to help the environment. Here are just a few.

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non-petroleum energy sources, and land development. This should give you an idea of our scope.

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Chairman,
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Hardwood Huckster

The University of Maryland's field house is jammed and jumping. As the Terrapins trot onto the court, the 20-piece pep band belts out the Maryland fight song. Cheerleaders somersault into the air. Pom-pom girls wiggle and wave. Then suddenly an expectant hush falls over the crowd as the public-address announcer booms, "And now...heerrrrr's Lefty!" Pandemonium again breaks loose, the band strikes up Hail to the Chief and out shuffles Charles Grice ("Lefty") Driesell, the loose, lanky (6-ft. 4-in.) Maryland basketball coach. He is wearing a \$250 double-knit suit and the "aw-shucks" grin of a playboy at a tea dance, and when he casually flashes the awaited V-for-victory sign, the cheers resound all the louder. Lefty and his legions are ready for another game in their drive to become the nation's No. 1 college basketball team.

Such is the scene when the Maryland Terrapins suit up for a home game. The spectacle is in marked contrast to the atmosphere at Maryland when Driesell arrived three seasons ago. Back then, the hapless Terrapins could barely sell a ticket, much less win a game. So Driesell staged his own gate-building, one-man show. In times of crisis, he would leap off his Hollywood director's chair stationed next to the bench and fall on his knees—or tear off his jacket and stomp on it. In more joyful moments, he would dance the boogaloo and even lead the crowd in cheers. To confuse opponents, he once had his players switch jersey numbers. To "get the crowd going with us," he has charged onto the floor and deliberately drawn a technical foul. "I know some of them coaches are smarter," draws Driesell. "And some are better lookin', but none of 'em is gonna outwork ole Lefty."

Today, having skillfully assembled one of the most talent-laden teams in college basketball, ole Lefty has turned center stage over to his Terrapin terriers. Hitting a hot 56% of their shots last week, the fast-breaking Terrapins rolled over Virginia 93-74 to register their 14th victory in a row—and make good on Driesell's promise to build his team into "the U.C.L.A. of the East." True to his word, Maryland as of last week was ranked No. 2 behind the West Coast's six-time national champions. "Sellin'," says Lefty, "that's all there is to coachin'."

Driesell should know. A huckster most of his life, he owes his success to a unique mixture of sweat, salesmanship and show biz. Raised in Norfolk, Va., he won a varsity letter as a third-grader for managing the equipment of the Granby High team. At Duke University, he rode the bench as much as

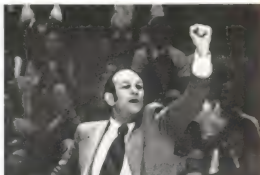
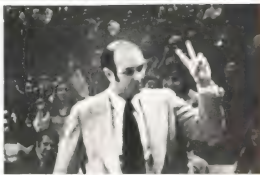
he played but figured it helped him become "a better coach 'cause it made me hungrier." After graduation, he coached the Granby High varsity for the princely salary of \$4,000 and became a two-time state champion—in the sale of encyclopedias, a job he took on the side to keep from getting hungrier. Moving on to Newport News High, he led the team to a bona fide state basketball title and then in 1960 graduated to a \$6,500 job at Davidson, a small Presbyterian college in North Carolina better known until then for its academic excellence.

Within no time, the Davidson Wildcats were as hungry as ole Lefty. To beef up a puny \$500 recruiting budget, he siphoned off the bulk of the team's meal money by feeding the players pimento-cheese sandwiches, once even sending them to bed without supper after they lost six games in a row. In the off season he logged 50,000 miles on the back roads of the South and beyond, searching for talent. He parked in gas stations overnight, bedding down in the back of the car with a pistol for protection. At dawn, he would shave in the station's rest room, eat a peanut butter sandwich for breakfast and then hit the road. "I learned sellin' encyclopedias," says Driesell, "that if you knock on enough doors, you'll find somebody who wants what you're sellin'."

The hard sell worked. Within four years, Davidson, with only 1,000 students, became a big, nationally ranked powerhouse. In 1969, after the Wildcats finished No. 3 in the U.S., grateful Davidson alumni presented Driesell with a new Thunderbird. A few weeks later he drove off to College Park, Md., and a new \$25,000-a-year coaching job.

Bang. Driesell arrived with a splash—a four-column ad in the Washington Post informing four local high school stars that "the University of Maryland needs you." The N.C.A.A. censured the gimmick ("They found it distasteful," Driesell says with distaste), but one of the prospects, Jim O'Brien, currently the team's second highest scorer, found it "pretty original" and signed with Maryland. Driesell's second season with the Terrapins began with another bang—a punch in the mouth administered by a 240-lb. South Carolina player during a full-court brawl. Driesell loudly criticized South Carolina Coach Frank McGuire for "standing idly by and grinning." McGuire just grinned some more, claiming that the game films showed that Lefty had inadvertently punched himself. "Are you kiddin'?" screamed Driesell. "Do I look that uncoordinated?" South Carolina certainly did when, in a rematch a month later, Driesell's boys froze the ball for most of the game and then pulled off a 31-30 upset victory.

Driesell likes to inspire his charges



GERA S. FLORES



MARYLAND COACH LEFTY DRIESSELL
Mixing salesmanship and show biz.

by festooning the locker room with little homilies: THERE IS ONLY ONE YARDSTICK IN OUR SPORT AND THAT IS WINNING. SECOND PLACE IS LIKE KISSING YOUR SISTER. While a few players do not wholly buy his pitch, most agree with Center Len Elmore: "Lefty's the flim-flam man. It's a confidence game with him, but you buy it because he's honest about it." Now 41, Driesell is too busy chasing the national championship and overseeing sundry enterprises—the Lefty Driesell Insurance Agency, the Lefty Driesell steakhouse, the Lefty Driesell summer basketball camp, the Lefty Driesell TV and radio shows—to worry about his image. Says he: "I doubt that everybody who soldiered for General Patton liked him either, but Patton got the job done, didn't he?"

Driesell figures that his job will not be done until Maryland is No. 1. How long will that take? Ole Lefty isn't saying, but, like the cars of hundreds of Terrapin fans these days, his complimentary Lincoln Continental bears a boastful bumper sticker: U.C.L.A. THE MARYLAND OF THE WEST.

Women on the Couch

In the eyes of ardent feminists, psychiatrists and psychologists rank high—if not highest—on the list of males who oppress women. The most recent and radical statement of this view is a book called *Women and Madness* (Doubleday: \$8.95) by Phyllis Chesler, a self-styled anarchist who teaches psychology at the City University of New York. The militant wing of Women's Lib enthusiastically approves Author Chesler's attack, and some psychotherapists admit that there is a measure of truth in what she says. The consensus, however, seems to be that her charges are both overstated and underdocumented.

Chesler uses statistics to launch her assault. About 90% of U.S. psychiatrists and psychologists are male, but their patients in hospitals, clinics and private therapy are predominantly female, she says. She claims, for instance, that women make up two-thirds of the patients in private treatment—even though only 51% of the population is female. In fact, reliable statistics on private patients are impossible to come by. But assuming that Chesler is essentially correct, why is the proportion of women so high? The answer, she maintains, is that psychiatrists subscribe to a double standard of mental health: independent, assertive men are healthy but women with similar personalities are emotionally ill.

Chesler also charges that therapists consider women to be inferior beings. In treatment, she insists, women are encouraged to talk instead of to act, to live passively instead of being active and to conform to a "feminine" role. They are forced to re-enact with their patriarchal therapists the role that initially made them sick: little girls in thrall to their fathers. Worst of all, women patients are often sexually exploited by male therapists, Chesler alleges.

One professional who agrees in part with Chesler is Manhattan Psychoanalyst Natalie Shainess: "Many psychiatrists are unconsciously contemptuous of women," she says. Isaiah Zimmer-

man, a psychologist in Washington, D.C., doubts that therapists of his age (44) can entirely overcome the effects of their rearing in a male-oriented society. "My generation won't make it," he admits. All the same, alerted by his wife, daughters and patients to minor signs of his own bias (habitual use of the pronoun he instead of she, for instance), Zimmerman reports that he has brought about some "moderately profound changes" in himself.

Acknowledging that "some psychiatrists may be male chauvinist pigs," Burness Moore of Manhattan, president-elect of the American Psychoanalytic Association, emphasizes that such chauvinism "isn't implicit in the theory of analysis." Psychiatric theories of personality, he observes, do not hold women inferior to men. True, many psychiatrists accept Freud's famous "anatomy is destiny" dictum, which is anathema to feminists. To professionals, though, the doctrine does not condemn women to second-class citizenship; it means only that, as Hartford Psychoanalyst Rebecca Solomon puts it, "Women have to cope psychologically with the facts of their biology. They are human beings who have the capacity to procreate whether they choose to do so or not."

Bias. In fact, says Boston Psychoanalyst Helen Tartakoff, most reputable psychiatrists measure the emotional strength of men and women by a single standard. She adds: "I have never been therapeutically successful with a woman patient unless she became capable of developing her talents and interests outside her marriage and family. I don't think she is a really mature person until she can do this." Jane Thayer, a Washington, D.C., clinical psychologist, believes that male therapists promote the maturing process by actively encouraging "a get up and stand on your own two feet" attitude in female patients and refusing "to let women play a sweet, submissive role." Generally, most professionals agree, the better the psychiatrist, the fewer his prejudices



AUTHOR PHYLLIS CHESLER
Should men be mothers?

—including bias against women. Asserts Washington Psychiatrist Dorothy Starr: "Male chauvinism does not affect therapy at the highest level."

The most serious indictment of Chesler's book is that she displays little familiarity either with that kind of high-level therapy or even with typical psychiatric patients. The evidence for her conclusions comes largely from interviews with only 60 women patients, among whom were nine lesbians, nine blacks and Puerto Ricans, 14 feminists, eleven women who had been hospitalized in mental asylums and eleven who had had sexual relations with their therapists. Yet lesbians, blacks and feminists make up only a small proportion of all psychiatric patients. Therapists who have intercourse with their patients are not typical either: those who are not outright charlatans tend to be both emotionally disturbed and the most poorly qualified members of their profession.

With no pretense of objectivity, Chesler includes herself among her 60 subjects (in the feminist category). Moreover, as she interviewed the others, she often argued to bring them around to her way of thinking. When she is unable to provide documentation, she simply prefaces generalizations with "probably" or "I suspect that..." Furthermore, she does her cause a disservice by her advocacy of a society in which women are not equal but dominant and her suggestion that "science must be used to release women from biological reproduction—or to allow men to experience the process." Such eccentricities obscure both the legitimate abuses that Chesler would like to eliminate and the need for research to find out what really happens when male therapists treat typical female patients in a culture that favors men.

"Was that a H-m-m-m-m, Dr. Fenstermocker, or an M-m-m-m-m?"



Male and Female

► With increasing frequency, women are storming and taking once impenetrable strongholds of masculine prerogative. Four recent victories: 1) Lieut. (j.g.) Judith Ann Neuffer, 24, of Ohio, became the first woman assigned to train as a Navy pilot. "I'm going to give it everything I have," she promised, adding that she would like to be considered for astronaut duty "if the opportunity came along." 2) Responded Secretary of the Navy John W. Warner: "I would so recommend." 3) Next month, Emily Joyce Howell, 33, of Denver will begin work as the nation's first and only woman pilot of a major scheduled airline. With the rank of second officer for Denver's Frontier Airlines, she will help fly Boeing 737s. 4) For 107 years a sanctuary for men only, the Harvard Club of New York City voted 2,097 to 695 to accept female members. President Albert Gordon promised women a "gracious" welcome, but Member Jonathan Morse gloomily predicted the demise of the club "and all the traditions it represents." 4) For decades, the only women working in British Columbia logging camps have been cooks. Now Rayonier Canada Ltd. has hired six female loggers—not to appease feminists but to solve a manpower shortage and to cut down the high turnover among lonely male loggers.

► In September 1970 New York City Teacher Gary Ackerman asked the board of education for an unpaid paternity leave so that he could spend more time with his daughter Lauren, then ten months old. Turned down, he went AWOL from his job, with his wife Rita filed a complaint of discrimination with the Federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and sued the board in U.S. district court. Their argument: granting child-care leaves only to women is an invasion of privacy because it forces mothers to be housekeepers and child rearers and prevents husbands and wives from dividing up family responsibilities as they see fit. Last week the commission found that the mothers-only rule "discriminates against male teachers as a class." As a result, the board says it will reward its

bylaws to ensure equal rights for fathers.

► "Why go on like this? Is it because of some pimp who is using you, exploiting you for his satisfaction? Aren't you tired of all this? Isn't it about time you gave yourself a break?" These words come not from the script of a new soap opera but from a letter Police Inspector Charles Peterson is distributing to streetwalkers in his district, the Midtown North precinct of Manhattan, which encompasses Times Square. Peterson's fatherly missive, handed out to every girl arrested for plying her trade in Midtown North, is the latest tactic in the current and—like those in the past—unsuccessful drive to clear New York streets of prostitutes. Writes Peterson: "If you want to get out of this rat race, we can help you. Think of it the next time your pimp punches you around or leaves you with only a few bucks to live on." To get help, the prostitute need only call one of two special telephone numbers. The police promise to keep all calls confidential. Some 500 notes have been distributed, but the response has not been encouraging: at week's end only a few calls had been made, mostly by prostitutes who simply wanted to know whether or not the letter was legitimate.

► To find out where the girls are, men visiting unfamiliar cities generally consult cab drivers, hotel bellboys or friendly waiters. Now, because of an enterprising German printer, visitors to Berlin, Cologne, Frankfurt, Hamburg and Munich are spared that embarrassment. For about \$1.80, they can buy a "city map for men" that shows where to locate streetwalkers, transvestites, dance halls, singles bars, homosexual joints and other attractions. What if a foreigner does not read German? No matter. Drawings, unmistakable in meaning and identifying each diversion, are appropriately placed on the map: a saucy girl clad only in G string and stockings always signifies a *Scharfer* (piquant) *Striptease*; a pert redhead beckoning from a window marks the site of every *Bordellbetrieb* (bawdyhouse); and two applauding tourists with drinks at hand of course designate what the map calls a *Nightclub mit Show*.

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nevermore



SYMBOLS USED IN THE GERMAN MAP FOR MEN

Crack in the Wall

For much of the 20th century, many leading avant-garde composers have arranged their notes, rhythms and timbres according to predetermined schemes or series. Such major works as Arnold Schoenberg's *Serenade* and, more recently, Pierre Boulez's *Le Marteau sans Maître* have been serial compositions. Indeed no one has championed serialism more than has Boulez, the onetime *enfant terrible* of French music who is now the 47-year-old conductor of the New York Philharmonic and the BBC Symphony. Yet there was Boulez in

concert hall via loudspeakers pinned to the walls. Boulez remained onstage cuing the technicians. The title of the composition is descriptive: while the violin, flute or vibraphone plays on a given pitch level (*fixe*), the trumpet or cello explodes (*explosante*) with violent rhythms or scale passages. But fixation can sometimes change to explosion, and vice versa. Through another of the Halaphone's circuits, for example, tones produced by the clarinet actually trigger electronic changes in the sound of the viola.

The effect is roughly like listening to medieval organum (primitive polyphony) done up in the manner of *Switched-On Bach*. Beyond the "accidental" harmonies achieved by the passage of contrapuntal ships in an electronic night, Boulez also uses what he calls pilot tones (not unlike pedal point) to achieve, at times, gripping harmonic tension. All in all, Boulez has made a daring experiment in what might be called kaleidosonics.

The audience's reception could hardly be called anything more than polite. The score is one of those seemingly loveless works that, like virtually the entire catalogue of John Cage, may eventually turn out to be more important as philosophical statement than as musical expression. The odds are good, for example, that it will never be any more popular than Arnold Schoenberg's atonal manifesto of 1912, *Pierrot Lunaire*; yet it could well rival its historical importance. ■ William Bender

When the Philharmonic picked Boulez to succeed Leonard Bernstein as of last season, it was a courageous act fraught with risk. Would he visit the "horrors" of modern music on the Philharmonic's subscribers night after night? Would he fall on his face in the bread-and-butter 19th century repertoire—an area in which he was largely untried? The answer has turned out to be no to both questions. Boulez has programmed adventurously but wisely, dipping into Karlheinz Stockhausen and George Crumb, but generally going no further into the futuristic past than the relatively easy-to-take Alban Berg. Not much worse, in other words, than the old Bernstein days.

As discreet as he has been, Boulez has not pleased everybody. Of the Philharmonic's 23,000 subscribers, some 3,500 failed to renew for this season, partly out of stubborn lack of interest in the music of their own time. Fortunately, there were 3,100 other music

lovers standing by ready and willing to pick up the vacated subscriptions. With a 12% rise in single-ticket sales, the Philharmonic now finds itself selling out 97% of the house. Accordingly, Boulez's three-year contract has been extended to six.

Records: Pick of Pop

SLAYED: Slade (Polydor, \$5.98) Move on over, Grand Funk Railroad. Slade is a tough blues, English combo that could well become the new champ of hard rock. Try *Gulburi T'June*: their current English hit, for a starter.

GEMINI: Erroll Garner (London, \$5.98). In his 60th or so L.P., jazz pianist Garner sounds fresher and more original than he has in years. Standards like *How High the Moon* and *It Could Happen to You* comprise the usual teasing introduction and pleasing acquaintance. Two Afro-Latin originals, *Gemini* and *El Dorado*, burst with exhilarating improvisation.

THE ACADEMY IN PERIL: John Cale (Reprise, \$5.98). A bizarre, whimsical but steadfastly intriguing serving of pop esoterica from a young composer who has worked with both John Cage and the rock group, Velvet Underground. Cale's orchestral writing (played by the Royal Philharmonic) often sounds like ersatz Charles Ives, Cale's piano parts (played by Cale himself) like sleepy Debussy. Yet within their pop context, they possess a kind of "laid-back" mood that may just appeal to the rock young.

THE JOURNEY: John Simon (Warner Bros., \$5.98). No Top Ten hits here either, just a lot of honest musical fun and pathos from the man who produced and played on The Band's momentous second album. From the striding joy of *The Real Woodstock Rag* to the jazzy melancholy of *Kine Lear's Blues* (*Cordeau*), Simon shows an individuality all too rare in pop today.

TOMMY: Rod Stewart, Ringo Starr and other rock stars; the London Symphony Orchestra (Ode, 2 L.P.s, \$11.96). To record and package this LP extravaganza, Ode President Lou Adler spent more than \$400,000, then quickly earned it all back in sales that last week zoomed past the \$1,000,000 mark. Sad to say, symphonic treatment dulls the edges of Pete Townshend's now classic, sometimes pretentious "rock opera." Stick to the original version by The Who.

DOUG SAHM AND BAND (Atlantic, \$5.98). Call it country blues, Texas swing or western *cum* soul. Doug Sahn has come up with a rollicking bag of songs that combine the best of both the white and black rural traditions. The undeniable excitement of the recording is the result, perhaps, of the presence of a number of distinguished "extra sidemen: Dr. John the Night Tripper, Guitarist David Bromberg, and, of all people, Bob Dylan, who plays guitar, harmonica and organ and even lends a little vocal counterpoint to *It's Anybody Goin' To San Antonio*. ■ W.B.



BOULEZ (REAR) AT LINCOLN CENTER
The problem of our time.

Manhattan last week introducing his new 31-minute composition *explosante fixe*... and conceding that it had little to do with serialism. Moreover, the work includes the very electronics that Boulez has scorned volubly since his own youthful experiments in Paris.

A crack in the serial wall? Definitely. *explosante fixe*... will offer no solace to the many who would like today's composers to get back to good old melody, but it should send a few shock waves throughout the international composing ranks. Boulez is searching for a harmonic scheme that he finds wanting in serialism, but without a return to the strictures of traditional tonality. "To find that," says Boulez, "is the great problem of our time."

explosante fixe... is scored for eight instruments, each equipped with eight microphones, plus an electronic supergadget called the Halaphone. In the first performance of the piece by the Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society, the Halaphone not only transmuted the instrumental sounds electronically, but sped those sounds around the



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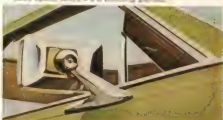
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Menthol or Regular

A Death in the Family

Even into the 1960s, the Jesuit seminarians at Maryland's Woodstock College seldom left the leafy campus overlooking the Patapsco River Valley. They rose at 5:30 a.m. to the clang of a seminary bell, attended compulsory early Mass, skittered around the campus in long black cassocks. They ate their meals silently while a prefect read from learned books. But neither its cloistered atmosphere nor its age (founded in 1869, it was the oldest Jesuit theologate in the U.S.) prevented Woodstock from being the nation's most dynamic institution of Roman Catholic theology.

Woodstock led; it did not follow. Its theological superstars paced U.S. Catholicism into Vatican II thinking before the Second Vatican Council existed. Woodstock's Gustave Weigel was more than anyone else the father of American Catholic ecumenism. The late John Courtney Murray, the nation's most brilliant Catholic political thinker, was the prime inspiration behind Vatican II's decree on religious liberty.

But the new Catholicism that such men fashioned could no longer be contained in strict cloisters. Gradually, the Maryland campus became more relaxed. Then, in 1969, Woodstock abandoned its country retreat altogether to move to New York City's clangorous, ecumenical Upper West Side, where its students could live cheek by jowl with rabbinical candidates and Union Theological Seminary's liberal Protestants. They would also be able to minister to the whole polyglot, polycaste world of the Secular City, and that they did—tutoring in Harlem, working in the U.N., in drug clinics, in mental health, with the aged. Last week the 125 seminarians were called together and told that their noble experiment had come to an end. On orders from the Jesuit Superior General in Rome, the Very Rev. Pedro Arrupe, Woodstock will cease to be a Jesuit school of theology.

Death Sentence. The Jesuits tried to put a good face on things. It was no simple ukase from Rome, they said. Arrupe had simply endorsed a recommendation made by the heads of the ten U.S. Jesuit "provinces." Because the number of Jesuit seminarians was dropping off so severely—only 120 or so are expected to be in theology schools by 1978—the provincials wanted to pool their educational resources by closing two of the five existing Jesuit theologates and strengthening the remaining three. Chosen by Arrupe to survive Cambridge's Weston College, Chicago's Bellarmine School of Theology, and the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley, Sentenced to die: the Jesuit theologate at St. Louis University, which will be resurrected as a theological graduate school and non-Jesuit seminaries, and

Woodstock, which may not survive in any form.

Why Woodstock? For one thing, geography: the Jesuits had to sacrifice one of two schools in the Midwest, one of two in the East. For another, the Woodstock experiment had been broadcast as a failure even before it really got off the ground—principally by ex-Jesuit Garry Wills in an acerbic 1971 piece in *New York* magazine. Wills' article (currently a chapter in his book *Bare Ruined Choirs*) was made even more damaging by the accompanying photos of seminarians lounging *en deshabille*. It undercut Woodstock's hopes and image at a crucial time.

Wills contended that the New York move hurt Woodstock academically

necks and slacks with cutoffs and bare feet. Some places became crash pads and beer-and-coffee houses for local activists (a number of the Woodstock Jesuits were active Berrigan antiwar allies). More than a few of the many visitors were young women. But the surviving Jesuit colleges are not that much different. Their seminarians live fraternity-style in neighborhood houses or apartments, receive monthly checks just as those in Manhattan do, come and go as they please. What Woodstock lacked, though, was the geographical cohesiveness of which the other campuses retain at least a semblance.

Many of the men at Woodstock are clearly angry at the decision. Himself a convert to the Manhattan experiment, Father Burghardt, editor of the order's prestigious quarterly, *Theological Studies*, argues that "experimentation with the different life-styles available in New



WOODSTOCK JESUITS RELAXING AT RESIDENCE ON MANHATTAN'S WEST SIDE
From skittering around in cassocks to tutoring in Harlem.

But Woodstock's president, Teilhardian Scholar Christopher F. Mooney, points out that the school was received enthusiastically in New York's academic community. It retained such luminaries as Theologians Avery Dulles (son of John Foster Dulles) and Walter J. Burghardt (one of the two U.S. members of the papal Theological Commission). This year 130 students from Union Theological registered for Woodstock courses, and the school was building close alliances with Columbia University's history and religion departments.

Whatever the reasons for the decision, the action did not seem to be a disciplinary one. The Manhattan version of Woodstock was admittedly a haven for many and varied life-styles. The residences, scattered along 1½ miles of the Upper West Side, housed the studious here, the activists there. Beards and long hair vied with modest sideburns, turtle-

York is indispensable for our students if we are to prepare them for a contemporary ministry. The decision to close Woodstock has been interpreted by many as another sign that the Society of Jesus has lost its great vision, its instinct for leadership, its openness to the world." Second-Year Student Harry Fogarty groused that it was "a loss of nerve. To pull out of New York City and say we can't make it means we are asking a lot from those Christians who do live and work in the city."

Woodstock, could conceivably survive in some form. A meeting of the school's board later this month will determine whether it should continue as some sort of graduate theology school or research institute, although it would need the support of the Jesuits or some other sponsor. But the decision from Rome sharply inhibits whatever potential remains—and that is the loss. Wood-

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RELIGION

stock was once renowned, after all, as an institution of particular excellence. Given time to recover from the admitted trauma of its move, it might well have become one again.

Tidings

► There is no love lost between the liberal National Council of Churches and the right-wing Christian Echoes Ministry of the Rev. Billy James Hargis, but both believe it is their Christian duty to speak out on public issues. Because of that mutual concern, lawyers of the two organizations are huddled this week to plan strategy against a common crisis: a ruling of the Tenth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Denver denying Hargis' organization its federal income tax exemption because it attempted to exert "political" influence. In 1966 the Internal Revenue Service revoked Christian Echoes' exemption for the same reason, but in 1971 a federal court in Tulsa overruled the IRS. In reversing the Tulsa decision, 3-0, the Denver court prohibited tax-exempt organizations from "direct and indirect appeals to legislators and the public in general"—a sweeping restriction that many churchmen consider unconstitutional. Christian Echoes, backed by the N.C.C. and other church groups, will carry the case to the Supreme Court.

► In the Galilean-like foothills of California's Santa Susana Mountains, the Brandeis Institute has become an internationally famous retreat (TIME, July 5, 1971) where young secular Jews learn the Jewish heritage of their forefathers. From its beginnings, Brandeis has had some generous friends; one was Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis, who helped back Founder Shlomo Bardin when the institute began three decades ago. The newest benefactor is not Jewish at all but a Protestant. He is Actor James Arness, longtime star of *Gunsmoke*, whose 950-acre ranch is adjacent to Brandeis' grounds. Arness has given Brandeis the entire ranch—\$2 million worth of land, corrals, houses and barns. Said Bardin: "It was a splendid ecumenical act."

► Ever since the November screenings of two *Maulde* episodes on CBS-TV, the show has been assailed for its humorous (and sympathetic) treatment of abortion and vasectomy. The most prominent critic so far is St. Louis' John Cardinal Carberry, who wrote to CBS Executives William Paley, Frank Stanton and Fred Silverman—and FCC Chairman Dean Burch—last month. Mass media have an obligation to treat controversial subjects, the cardinal conceded, but *Maulde* "injected CBS-TV as advocate of a moral and political position that many not only oppose but find positively offensive as immoral." In any case, Carberry wrote, the themes were no laughing matter. "The decision to secure an abortion or the decision to have a vasectomy, even for those who choose them, is hardly a joke."



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SCHNEIDER & BRANDO TRYSTING, DANCING LAST TANGO

COVER STORY

SHOW BUSINESS

Self-Portrait of an Angel and Monster

The tango is a pantomime coitus for the camera.

—Filippo Tomaso Marinetti, 1914

THE man is middle-aged, leonine, ravaged. The girl is young, foxlike, insouciant. Total strangers to each other, they are inspecting an unfurnished Paris apartment that is for rent. Suddenly, the man scoops the girl up in his arms, carries her to the side of the room, then embraces and kisses her hungrily. He tears off her panties and has sex with her while still dressed and standing. The camera rests steadily on them as he thrusts her against the wall and she hitches herself up on him, clinging to his body with her knees. Finally, gasping and groaning, they tumble to the floor, roll apart and lie still.

Any moviegoers who are not shocked, titillated, disgusted, fascinated, delighted or angered by this early scene in Bernardo Bertolucci's new movie, *Last Tango in Paris*, should be patient. There is more to come. Much more. Bertolucci, whose political melodrama *The Conformist* was one of the most highly praised foreign films of 1971, has marshaled his opulent visual style to tell a stark story of sex as a be-all and end-all. For boldness and brutality, the intimate scenes are unprecedented in feature films. Frontal nudity, four-letter words, masturbation, even sodomy—Bertolucci dwells uncompromisingly on them all with a voyeur's eye, a moralist's savagery, an artist's finesse.

The movie, which will open in New York City on Feb. 1, is already a sensation and a scandal in Europe. It has been called a "pornographic *Elvira Madigan*" as well as a work of "constant beauty": a piece of "talented de-

bauchery that often makes you want to vomit" as well as an "authentic moral and psychological Apocalypse." Debates about its meaning and merits are raging among critics, intellectuals, theologians and editorial writers.

In Paris, people are standing in line for up to two hours at the seven theaters where *Tango* has been playing for a month. In Italy, the film ran into an initial snag with the board of censors, eventually was released for nearly a week last month, then was confiscated pending settlement of a citizens' suit complaining of "the obscenity of some sequences, particularly the scenes of carnal violence that last for several minutes and go beyond artistic necessity."

Moral Charm. The U.S. distributor, United Artists, has allowed only one carefully timed public screening in the States—on the final night of the New York Film Festival in October. "That date," wrote Critic Pauline Kael in *The New Yorker*, "should become a landmark in movie history comparable to May 29, 1913—the night *Le Sacre du Printemps* was first performed—in music history. [*Tango*] has altered the face of an art form. This is a movie people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies." United Artists recently reprinted the whole of Kael's extraordinary rave as a double-page ad in the Sunday New York Times—the first salvo in what is rapidly becoming a barrage of high-powered promotion and publicity. By last week the advance sale of reserved seats for the New York run alone totaled nearly \$50,000.

Tango's explosive impact will demonstrate to a wide public what many film buffs already know: that Bertolucci, 31, is Italy's most gifted director in the

generation after Fellini and Antonioni, and one of the most gifted younger directors on the world scene (see box, page 54). It will also introduce, in the role of the young girl, a striking new performer: France's sensual, baby-faced Maria Schneider, 20, whose blithely amoral charm perfectly expresses the contemporary *vie de bohème*.

Above all, it will affirm the resurgence of one of the great talents of the age, one who had seemed, through the 1960s, to be erratically and sometimes disastrously in decline: Marlon Brando. Brando is already being touted as an Academy Award contender for his role in last year's *The Godfather*. Now his emotionally wrenching, coruscating performance as the protagonist of *Tango* fulfills all the promise he gave in the earlier film of regaining his old dominance, not only as an actor but also as a star and a legend.

He plays Paul, a 45-year-old American living in Paris. At the point where the movie begins, Paul's faithless French wife, who owned the seedy hotel that they ran jointly and lived in, has just inexplicably committed suicide. It is in the midst of his stunned and perplexed reaction to this event that Paul encounters the free-spirited young bourgeoisie named Jeanne in the vacant apartment and abruptly begins his affair with her. The central scenes of the movie show their meetings in the bare apartment over a period of three days, interspersed with glimpses of both of them pursuing their outside lives: he making preparations for his wife's funeral, she cavorting with the young TV director (Jean-Pierre Léaud) she is to marry within a week.

As Brando projects him, Paul is a

SHOW BUSINESS

battered veteran of the Romantic Rebel battalion, a former boxer and actor, a man who has been getting the short end of the stick for so long that he has turned it into a bludgeon. He rages contemptuously at the civilization that baffles and frustrates him; yet he remains achingly vulnerable to it. His affair with Jeanne is a last desperate attempt to strip down to a pure, basic reality that he can understand—sex without love, even without identities. "We don't need names here," he decrees. "You see, we're going to forget everything we knew. All the people, wherever we lived. Everything outside this place is bullshit."

Mortality Chill. For Paul, "happenings," as he calls it, is the brutal possession and degradation of a woman. The scenes in which he accomplishes this with Jeanne—who is excited, intrigued and masochistic enough to go along—are what might be called the hard core of the film. In one, he asks her to insert her fingers in his anus, then exacts a vow from her that she would prove her devotion to him by, among other things, having relations with a pig. In another, the culmination of the subjugation process, he wrestles her to a prone position on the floor and sodomizes her while forcing her to recite a litany rejecting love, family, church and other values.

The sexual positions vary and so do the psychological ones, until it is difficult to say who is the victimizer and who is the victim. Jeanne, however humiliated, is merely having an adventure: Paul is warming himself against the chill of mortality. "You're all alone," he tells her, "and you won't be able to face that feeling of being alone until you look death right in the face." When they begin tentatively talking about the future, she cruelly underlines the difference in their ages by saying that in ten years he will be in a wheelchair.

A long tortured monologue over his wife's body enables Paul to come to terms with his grief and try to resume life outside his trysting place, but by then Jeanne is coolly returning to her TV director. Suddenly pathetic, Paul tags after her through the streets, following her into a dance hall where a tango contest is in progress. Between bouts of drinking and clowning, he makes a feebly jaunty proposal: "What the hell, I'm no prize. I picked up a nail in Cuba in 1948, and I got a prostate like an Idaho potato, but I'm still a good stick man. I don't have any friends. I suppose if I hadn't met you, I'd probably settle for a hard chair and a hemorrhoid." It is too late. Paul's attachment to Jeanne is the last in a lifetime of bad emotional investments. In the melodramatic ending, his need for her is literally fatal.

Can such themes justify and redeem sex scenes that are going to offend many viewers? Or is the movie basically pornography with an overlay of philosophical angst—and pornography of a pecu-

liarily vulgar type, since it features one of the world's most famous actors capering up there on the screen? Last week Italy's leading paper, *Corriere della Sera* of Milan, devoted its Sunday feature page to a dialogue on *Tango* between Novelist Alberto Moravia and Jesuit Theologian Domenico Grasso of the Pontifical Gregorian University. Both men gave the film high marks aesthetically, and both upheld, with some reservations, the validity of the sex scenes.

"The two protagonists," said Moravia, "do not so much take pleasure in sex as they express themselves and communicate by means of it." He maintained that the film was too schematic in counterposing the Freudian concepts of Eros, the life principle, and Thanatos, the death principle; and that it was too one-sided in suggesting that "Eros by now is the only positive fact of this civilization." Father Grasso agreed that the primacy of Eros in the film gives "a deformed figure to man." He found some scenes "pornographic and repulsive," but he argued that the pornography is not an end in itself; rather, it shows the brutalization through which Paul reaches "an authentic value—that is, love." He concluded: "An apprecia-

tor, and when you see this movie you will understand the difference."

You will also understand the similarities. There is no escaping the fact that *Tango* bears some kinship to the kinds of movies that play down the street and around the corner from it in the more permissive West European and U.S. cities: the *Bad Barbaras*, the *Highway Hustlers*, the *Deep Throats*. The audacity of *Tango* might not have been possible, either in terms of the law or of audience acceptance, without the example of out-and-out porno flicks.

Tango and its somewhat milder predecessors are a casebook study in cul-



"TANGO" SCENES (CLOCKWISE FROM BELOW): BRANDO & SCHNEIDER ON BED; IN STREET, IN BATHROOM; LEAUD WITH SCHNEIDER



ble work, especially if the people who see it are mature, capable of grasping the idea underneath."

The people who see *Tango* in the U.S. will at least be mature in years. The film will carry an X rating, which bars admission to viewers under 18. Says Eugene Picker, an executive of the Trans-Lux Corp., which owns the Manhattan theater where *Tango* will open: "There is such a thing as pornography, and there is such a thing as a beautiful, well-made production by a talented di-

tural osmosis—the process by which serious directors draw off the pornographers' best stuff and put it to respectable uses. *I Am Curious (Yellow)* (1969) seems to have started the current phase of candor. It was followed by progressively bolder films, from *Midnight Cowboy* (1969), with its homosexual as well as heterosexual couplings, to *A Clockwork Orange* (1971), with its rapes and sex à trois. Going beyond all of these, *Tango* proclaims the liberation of serious films from restraints on sex as un-

equivocally as the 1967 *Bonnie and Clyde* proclaimed liberation from restraints on violence.

In shooting the film, Bertolucci committed himself from the outset to being totally explicit. "I decided that to suggest and allude instead of saying it outright would create an unhealthy climate for the spectator," he explains. For

both turned out to be unavailable. Bertolucci interviewed some 100 actresses for the role of Jeanne, finally chose Schneider because she seemed "a Lolita, but more perverse," and because, when Bertolucci asked her to take off all her clothes during a screen test, "she became much more natural." The illegitimate daughter of French Actor

Daniel Gélin, Schneider has been a child of Paris' swarming Montparnasse scene since she was 15. Her prior professional experience was casually squeezed in between painting, modeling, touring discotheques and living in communes.

When Brando, an admirer of *The Conformist*, expressed an interest in the role of Paul, he and Bertolucci arranged a meeting in Paris. "For the first 15 minutes he didn't say a word; he only looked at me," Bertolucci recalls. "Then he asked me to talk about him. I was very embarrassed, but I got around it by talking about the character I had in mind for the film. He listened carefully and then said they'd try away, without asking to read the script."

Later Bertolucci spent two weeks getting acquainted with Brando in Hollywood. His verdict: "An angel as a man and a monster as an actor. He is all instinct, but at the same time he is a complex man: on one side he needs to be loved by all; on another he is a machine incessantly producing charm; on still another he has the wisdom of an Indian sage. He is like one of those figures of the painter Francis Bacon who show on their faces all that is happening in their guts—he has the same devastated plasticity." (Two Bacon paintings appear under the credits on *Tango* and several scenes in the film were visually inspired by his work.)

Like Daddy. On location, Brando bore little resemblance to the demanding egotist of Hollywood lore. At his first meeting with Schneider, he led her away to a bar and said, "We're going to go through quite a lot together, so let's not talk. Just look me in the eye as hard as you can." Next day flowers from Marlon arrived, and "from then on he was like a daddy." Inevitably, there were whispers that he was more than a daddy, that the intense sexual encounters in the film were not all simulated. Replies Schneider: "We were never screwing on stage. I never felt any sexual attraction for him, though my friends all told me I should. But he's almost 50, you know, and"—she runs her hand down her torso to her midriff—"he's only beautiful to here."

Professionally, on the other hand, Schneider says that she was "full of his vibrations. That heavy, very slow movement. His ability to size up a scene in an instant and then do it perfectly nat-

urally. In the movie, his character takes that girl and teaches her a lot of things, makes her stretch, makes her explode. That's what he did to me as an actress."

Brando did exercise one of his most disconcerting penchants as an actor. He wrote his lines on cue cards and posted them around the set for easy reference, leaving Bertolucci with the problem of keeping them out of the picture frame. At one point in the finished film, during his long monologue over the body of his wife, he soulfully rolls his eyes upward. Overcome by emotion? Posing for a more effective camera angle? No, just checking his lines.

Reverse Role. Encouraged by Bertolucci's improvisatory style of filming, Brando pitched in on the shaping of scenes and characterizations, working out most of his own English dialogue and in a few cases carrying the sex scenes even farther than Bertolucci had intended. "Something is up," said Brando's dresser to an assistant producer one day. "He's taking this seriously." What was up was Bertolucci's request that Brando reverse the usual actor's approach to a role. "Instead of entering the character, I asked him to superimpose himself on it," says Bertolucci. "I didn't ask him to become anything but himself. It wasn't like doing a film. It was a kind of psychoanalytical adventure."

Brando's characterization, then, while it is a superbly professional performance, is also something of a self-portrait. The correspondences between the role and the life are not always precise; in the case of Paul's kinky sexual predilections and darker rages, the viewer can only speculate whether such correspondences exist at all. But, although the facts may vary, the tone and attitude often ring true. "Forty years of Brando's life experiences went into the film," says his friend Christian Marquand, the French actor. "It is Brando talking about himself, being himself. His relations with his mother, father, children, lovers, friends—all come out in his performance as Paul."

Behind Paul's reminiscences of an unhappy childhood lies the Brando who grew up as a restless, competitive child in Libertyville, Ill., the son of a remote father and a feckless mother. Paul tells Jeanne at one point: "My father was a drunk, a screwed-up bar fighter. My mother was also a drunk. My memories as a kid are of her being arrested. We lived in a small town, a farming community. I used to have to milk a cow every morning and every night, and I liked that. But I remember one time I was all dressed up to take this girl to a basketball game. My father said, 'You have to milk the cow,' and I said, 'Would you please milk it for me?' He said, 'No, get your ass out here.' I was in a hurry, and I didn't have time to change my shoes, and I had cowshit all over my shoes. Later on it smelled in the car. I can't remember very many good things."

In Paul's instinctiveness, his sensual aura, his physical grace and forceful-



greater realism, he insisted on using an actual apartment rather than a set for the scenes between Paul and Jeanne, although he then chose very unrealistic colors and lighting to heighten the atmosphere. He required that the décor be in reds, oranges and flesh tones—"all uterine," in the words of *Tango* Set Designer Maria Paola Maino. The light that slanted into the rooms was always orange shafts from a low winter sun, contrasting with the cool violet and gray of the streets outside.

The two leading roles were conceived for French Stars Jean-Louis Trintignant and Dominique Sanda, but



ness, one recognizes the Brando who galvanized Broadway as a young actor in *A Streetcar Named Desire* in 1947, then went on to Hollywood to make a series of six stunning pictures in five years, including *The Wild One*, *On the Waterfront* and *Julius Caesar*. This was the Brando who in the 1950s struck one of the keystones of a generation with his romantic outlaw swagger, who influenced a whole school of cooler, more introspective actors like James Dean, Paul Newman and Montgomery Clift, and whose blue-jeaned, motorcycle-riding contempt for the clan rituals of Hollywood signaled the end of the star system as it had flourished till then.

The high emotional pitch and sexual violence of Paul and Jeanne's affair are consistent with what has come out over the years about Brando's tempestuous love life, punctuated as it has been by the birth of one child out of wedlock and by such eruptions as the attempted suicide of Actress Rita Moreno at his home in 1961. They are also consistent with his record of two marriages and two divorces followed by court wrangles over the custody of his three legitimate children.

Doing Penance. Finally, Paul's anger and rebelliousness, his frustrated pride, seem to be directly distilled from Brando's career during the 1960s, which now in retrospect loom as his purgatory years. The world of show business began doing penance for having idolized him by trying to cut him down to size. He was criticized for intellectual pretension as well as for being too primitive; he was accused of being too mannered and self-indulgent as an actor as well as of sleepwalking through parts just for the money; he was berated for not returning to the stage as well as for not making better movies.

The movies he did make were sometimes indifferent (*A Countess from Hong Kong*, *Moriturus*) and sometimes disastrous (*Appaloosa*, *Bedtime Story*). More and more, people began believing the stories that had long circulated of

his behavior on the set: that he was a moody, intractable mumbler, a troublemaker whose whims sent budgets and blood pressures skyrocketing, a brilliant burden who dragged everything down with his sagging box office appeal. In fact, there was more and more truth to the stories. In 1962 *Mutiny on the Bounty* almost literally lived up to its title when Brando worked against the grain of the production with an eccentric interpretation of Fletcher Christian, repeatedly overrode the director, invited himself to collaborate with the scriptwriter, insisted on a postlude about the subsequent lives of the mutineers, and generally cost MGM extra millions and perhaps a year in production time.

Earlier, after Brando had taken over the direction of a picture in which he was already starring, *One-Eyed Jacks* (thereby doubling the budget and schedule), he had announced that "acting is a bum's life. Quitting acting is the mark of maturity." After the *Bounty* fiasco, there were those who were ready to agree with him. In a 1966 article, Pauline Kael lamented that Brando had lapsed, like John Barrymore before him, into a "self-parodying comedian."

Brando had his mind on other things anyway. He began pouring energy and money into a series of standard liberal causes, from blacks in the South, to the campaign against capital punishment (on the night of Caryl Chessman's execution, he picketed San Quentin), to the fishing rights of the Puyallup Indians of the Northwest. He became a zealous and outspoken critic of the war in Viet Nam. In the later years of the 1960s, he devoted an increasing amount of time to his children, both in California and in Tetiaroa, the South Sea atoll of 13 islands that he bought in 1966. In Tetiaroa he also set up an experimental ecological project in which a group of scientists are growing fruits and vegetables under specially controlled, nonpolluting conditions and raising fish and crustaceans in underwater cages.

RELAXING BETWEEN TAKES WITH BERTOLUCCI

But through all of Brando's campaigns and retreats, his flops and public excommunications, the actor prevailed. In his worst films, his performances often had more power, depth or freshness than the vehicles deserved, and even his failures had a way of being more interesting than other people's successes. Pauline Kael's dismissal notwithstanding, Brando's colleagues by and large have defended him. "When Brando is allegedly difficult," says Director-Actor John Cassavetes, "it's because he is unsatisfied, often justifiably, with some aspect of the project he's on—the director, the script or whatever. But when those things are right, when people deal with him honestly, there's no one better—ask any actor."

That is the lesson of *The Godfather*. Brando wanted the coveted role of Don Vito Corleone; he fought for it, he even took a screen test to get it, something to which he had not been subjected for 20 years. When he got it, his presence fused and lifted the whole enterprise (TIME, March 13). His mastery flared anew. The record-breaking box office success of the movie, says Hollywood Producer Ray Stark, "made Marlon fashionable again. People are willing to put money in his pictures once more."

Today Brando's silk-walled, Japanese-style house atop a hill on Mulhol-

Bertolucci: Choreographer

BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI is a true child of the cinema. His father, a poet and teacher of art history in Parma and Rome, was also a film critic, and little Bernardo tagged along with him to two or three films a day. Bertolucci made his first film—a ten-minute short—when he was 15, his first feature when he was 20. By that time, he had also published a prizewinning book of poetry. In *Search of Mystery*, and worked as an assistant to Pier Paolo Pasolini on *Accattone*. "He was just as virgin to the cinema as I was," Bertolucci recalls. "So I didn't watch a director at work. I watched a director being born."

Bertolucci was born as a director with his second feature, *Before the Revolution*, which brought him, at 23, the sort of critical tributes once lavished on the youthful Orson Welles. The film's title recalls Marx, but it is actually taken from Talleyrand: "He who did not live in the years before the revolution cannot understand what the sweetness of living is." The film is about a young man's struggle to reconcile radical politics with an almost lavish romanticism, to fuse Marx and Talleyrand in his lofty, poetic soul. *Revolution* has the intimate feeling of a personal memoir, of experience hardly assimilated and still freshly felt.

Revolution also set the pattern of Bertolucci's lush, visual style, a kind

land Drive in Beverly Hills is again a prime tourist attraction, and sightseeing buses nose past it daily. The house remains, however, as much a fortress as it was when Brando took it over in 1961 from the previous occupant, Howard Hughes. Despite, or perhaps because of his renewed flush of popularity, Brando still insists that "privacy is not something that I'm merely entitled to; it's an absolute requisite." He still holds to his old credo that "conformity breeds mediocrity." And although he does not ride a motorcycle much any more, he remains a restless loner, a middle-aged delinquent of the film industry. If he had a theme song, it would be Elgar's *Enigma Variations*.

What little is known of his true nature comes from a handful of his friends and associates. By their testimony, he is intelligent, warm, charming, compassionate, humorous and unpretentious, as well as undisciplined, boorish, gloomy, supercilious, cruel and downright bent. About the only thing everybody can agree on is that he is a prankster. He delights in disguising his voice in his frequent phone calls to friends, assuming such identities as a job applicant, a woman, or a doctor reporting a comically grotesque diagnosis of some third party. He is also devastatingly adept at mimicry, something he does not only for laughs. "Actors have to ob-

serve," he says. "They have to know how much spit you've got in your mouth and where the weight of your elbows is. I could sit all day in the Optimo Cigar Store telephone booth and just watch the people pass by."

Dull Work. In the other moods, though, his thoughts drift off—to one of his pet projects, perhaps, or to the South Seas. "Being in Tetiaroa gives me a sense of the one-to-one ratio of things," he says. "You have the coconut in the tree, the fish in the water, and if you want something to eat, you somehow have to get it." Brando still seems to need, as a friend once said, "to find something in life, something in himself, that is permanently true, and he needs to lay down his life for it." The city is that Brando seems unwilling to accept that he has already found that something: his art. To hear him tell it, he is as disenchanted with acting today as he was when he finished *One-Eyed Jacks*. "A movie star is nothing important," he says. "Freud. Gandhi. Marx. These people are important. But movie acting is just dull, boring, childish work."

Actor Edward Albert, who lived near Brando in Tetiaroa in 1970, says: "I don't believe anybody really knows Brando, but I have the feeling that he believes somewhere along the line he missed something he could have done,

something he could have been. It's as if somebody had put an angel inside of him, and he's aware of it, and it's more than he can contain."

Brando recently collected a final installment of the \$1,500,000 he made for his work on *The Godfather*. He has hinted that if he can add enough to that with his income from *Tango*, he will quit acting for good. In fact, a few weeks ago he terminated his contract with his agent, Robin French, telling him, "I don't think I'm going to be needing you much any more."

Yet anybody who sees Brando's performance in *Tango* will find it hard to believe that this is a man who plans to retire, no matter what he may say. It is a performance that displays what Bertolucci calls Brando's capacity to "destroy himself and re-create himself continuously, in a kind of savage dialectic." After his Don Vito in *The Godfather*, Brando could have continued indefinitely in the security of similar roles. Instead, he has made new departures, taken new risks, and thus answered the imperative of his talent by regenerating it. In his willingness to confront publicly the fearful ambiguities of sex and death, in his ability to find new ways of exposing himself in flesh and spirit, he seems to be serving notice, in spite of himself, that he is not about to dwindle into being an institution.

for the Movie Camera

of free-flowing flamboyance that seems to be a celebration of the act of filmmaking. There were references to movies, countless movies, everything from early Godard to *Red River*. Bertolucci continues this tradition of paying homage to his mentors: In *The Spider's Stratagem*, made in 1969, the camera lingers briefly over a poster for Robert Aldrich's Wagnerian western *The Last Sunset*; in *Tango* there is a scene aboard a barge, between Maria Schneider and Jean-Pierre Léaud, that is meant to evoke Jean Vigo's classic *L'Atalante*.

Revolution's single most memorable scene—the young protagonist dancing with his aunt, with whom he is having an affair—has turned up, with appropriate variations, in every subsequent Bertolucci film. One of *The Conformist's* most elaborate set pieces was the late-night Paris café, where all the customers got up to dance, spontaneously crowding the floor; *Tango's* lingering and desperate ballroom interlude gives the film its title. Bertolucci is smitten by dancing the way Hitchcock is obsessed by staircases. Each motif gives the director occasion to employ the best elements of his visual style in full flourish. Bertolucci's dancers are not only orchestrated to the movement of the camera, but seem to embody it. All of his films have an

overriding feeling of gentle, gliding movement, a ceaseless choreography for the camera.

"He has an inborn sense of beat, or rhythm," says the superb cinematographer Vittorio Storaro, Bertolucci's collaborator since *The Spider's Stratagem*. Storaro douses Bertolucci's films in ravishing light—working, as many cinematographers do, from ideas in painting. He and Bertolucci drew their inspiration for *Tango* not only from Francis Bacon but also from Vermeer.

An engaging bachelor with a string of love affairs behind him (one with Actress Adriana Asti, who played the lead in his first two films), Bertolucci loves to prowling through art galleries, and has stuffed his small flat in a Rome apartment hotel with records and books. "Literature was the past that I had to overcome and contradict with something," Bertolucci has said, "and that something was the cinema. If I had to talk about authors who formed me, I would say Fitzgerald and Hemingway, Chandler and Hammett." Another, even more perceptible influence might be Freud. Bertolucci went into psychoanalysis at the age of 28, and his films since then demonstrate his deep involvement. His earlier films, including the jumbled and frenetic *Partner* (1968), had moments of almost frivolous political digression. Psychoanalysis has apparently made him more thoughtful, less interested in political dynamics than in personal ones.

The technique he adopted with his actors in *The Conformist* and especially in *Tango* is based on an informal method of psychological investigation. To create a climate conducive to such probing, Bertolucci says, he "mixes the Hollywood studio with the techniques of *cinéma vérité*. This permits the best possible conditions for improvisation, and gives the public a continuous sense of risk and danger." It also means, as Bertolucci admits, that "it would be proper to put my analyst in the main titles, because he is the first person to whom I confess the ideas of my films."



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TEACHER CROSSING PICKET LINE AT McCUTCHEON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL DURING CHICAGO STRIKE

EDUCUSA—CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

EDUCATION

Out in the Cold

The thermometer in the school window stood at 1° above zero, and bitter winds howled in off Lake Michigan. Bundled up in parkas and woolen face masks, a platoon of teachers stood shoulder to shoulder on the sidewalk and honked bicycle horns at anyone who pushed through their picket lines. "Scab! Scab!" and "Shame!" they shouted. "Don't go in! There aren't any children in there!" The few teachers who did venture in found the building virtually empty—and chilling: custodians honored picket lines by refusing to provide more than 55° of heat. The teachers sat at children's low tables, huddling in their overcoats, idling away the day in games of ticktacktoe.

So, for the third time in four years, a strike by the Chicago Teachers Union shut down the Chicago public school system, the third largest in the U.S.—650 schools, 558,000 students and 25,970 teachers. The two previous strikes had lasted a total of only six days, both ending soon after Mayor Richard Daley intervened. The agreements made the teachers among the nation's highest-paid, with a salary range of \$9,570 to \$17,000. Many Chicagoans thought that Daley might do it again. Complained Metro High School Junior Jeff Willard: "We're political footballs, waiting for the mayor to come in, beat his chest and solve everything."

This time, though, the situation appeared to be different. Like many other school systems, Chicago is running a deficit—about \$74 million—and the school board declared that it could give the teachers no more. In fact, the board had tried to retrench. Last year it cut a scheduled pay increase from 8% to 5.5%, and this year it planned to lay off all employees for 17 days, eliminate 1,200 teaching jobs and reduce classroom supplies. In the face of public opposition, the board abandoned those plans. Then negotiations began on a new contract. By normal standards, the

teachers' demands were modest enough—a 2.5% pay raise (the amount that had been trimmed away the previous year), a reduction in class size (now about 35 pupils), better job security and a voice in decisions on curriculum. The teachers also insisted that the schools provide more paper, pencils and other materials now in short supply.

Several board members agreed that the union's demands were justifiable but would cost \$53 million per year and, as Board Member Mrs. Louis Malis bluntly put it, "there is no money." The board offered only to renew the present contract for six months. After 20 fruitless negotiating sessions, the teachers struck. Efforts soon followed to set up emergency schools. The teachers union itself helped organize 38 of them in churches, storefronts and library branches, enough to handle about 4,000 pupils.

But could anyone work out a settlement? Newly elected Governor Daniel Walker had promised during his campaign to increase the state share of school costs from the present 35% to 50%; last week he predicted that it would take more than a year to push his plan through the legislature. Outside in the frozen parks, Chicago's schoolchildren went skating.

In Philadelphia too the schools are running a deficit—\$34 million. Last September the school board rejected teachers' demands that their salaries (\$8,900 to \$12,690) be raised by 6.7%, and the teachers struck for three weeks. They returned to work pending mediation by the state, but negotiations broke down two weeks ago and the teachers struck again; some 285,000 children were kept out of school. Mayor Frank Rizzo, an ex-police commissioner who has sworn not to raise taxes, pronounced himself opposed to pay raises for teachers, though he favored more money for policemen and firemen, who also are negotiating new contracts. Said Rizzo: "They put their lives on the line. The teachers don't."

Big Spenders

President Nixon's budget cutters plan to slash federal aid to education by about 10% (TIME, Jan. 15). This week, after three years of research and testimony, the Senate's Select Committee on Equal Educational Opportunity is demanding a different course of action. It says that federal spending on public elementary and secondary schools—now \$3.5 billion a year—should be increased to \$7.2 billion.

During Nixon's first Administration, said the committee, the federal share in operating public schools actually declined to 8%. The committee called for Congress to appropriate \$1.5 billion a year to pay for remedial reading and math courses. It recommended another \$5 billion for general aid to schools. This aid, the committee said, should reward states that reform their school finances, so that they no longer have to depend so heavily upon discriminatory property taxes.

Despite a current wave of doubts about the ability of the schools to improve racial and economic inequality, the committee reaffirmed the value of integrated education as "a fundamental test of our national character."

The Philosopher

Jeanne Rasche Delloff was a student of philosophy at the University of Illinois in Chicago three years ago and, by her own account, "reading Kant, Plato, Mao, Marx and Nietzsche until 3 a.m. every night." On May 6, 1970, inspired partly by her readings, she joined some 1,500 other students in a sit-in at the university's ROTC building to protest the U.S. invasion of Cambodia and the shootings of students on two U.S. campuses. Arrested for criminal trespass on state-supported property—a misdemeanor—she was urged to plead guilty. "I thought about it from all angles," she says, "and I decided to refuse. I suppose that can be seen as Kantian: if copying a plea is universalized, we would not have a system of law."

Jeanne was duly convicted and fined \$20, and she returned to her studies. The

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EDUCATION

following December, when she was already in graduate school, university officials abruptly revoked the \$1,500 due her under a National Defense Education Loan. They cited a federal law barring such aid to any student convicted of a "serious" crime that disrupts a university.

Kant also teaches—as does Mao—that unjust laws should be opposed, and so Jeanne Rasche, a slender blonde with no legal background, sued for the reinstatement of her loan. After two years, a panel of federal judges has finally ruled 2 to 1 that the law was unconstitutionally vague and "overbroad."

But Jeanne, now eligible once again for her federal loan, has long since dropped out of her studies in philosophy. "Getting back to Plato," she says, "would be sort of difficult." At 27, she



WOULD-BE TEACHER JEANNE DELLOFF
Back to Plato?

is married to a sailmaker named Mitchell Delloff and is the mother of a daughter. She works as a secretary in a Chicago restaurant and takes only weekend courses at Chicago State University. "Once I saw school as a real alternative to the ordinary American life, and I lived differently from other people," she says. "Now I go to work every day. I'm not unreflective, but I'm not as self-righteous as I was."

By next year she hopes to have taken enough education courses to get her teaching certificate. "I don't want to teach philosophy any more," she says. "I'm hooked on the teaching of reading. Three years ago, my scope was the universe. I was going to change the whole world. Now I just want to teach children how to read. Three years ago, I thought that what we needed was a complete upheaval in our government. Now I see that it isn't possible. We just have to work for the best we can get."

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This Year's Flu

Influenza is no longer the mass murderer it was decades ago, when an epidemic could kill thousands. Doctors theorize that people have developed sufficient natural immunity to reduce the virus's impact; medicine is usually able to cope with serious complications in the rare cases in which they occur. Still, the bug is impervious to antibiotics and too versatile to be fully controlled by inoculation. It mutates quickly enough to keep a step ahead of vaccine manufacturers; a new vaccine, using live viruses, will not be ready for some years (TIME, Aug. 21).

Last year the A/2 Hong Kong strain erupted in the U.S., causing widespread absenteeism in schools, offices and factories. Now a new bug called the London flu—because it was first isolated as a distinct strain there last year—is causing the familiar sniffles, coughing, sore throat, headache and fever in many parts of the U.S.

The Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control in Atlanta reports that London flu has recently occurred in at least 18 states.* The new flu was not unexpected. Between major epidemics, which tend to run in ten-year cycles, minor mutations usually appear. The present virus is a variation of the Hong Kong organism. Once it made its British debut, American health officials felt that it was only a question of time before the new virus crossed the ocean.

Death Toll. The CDC does not believe that the current outbreak will become an epidemic, but the flu is making its presence felt. The Massachusetts state health department has reported that school absenteeism has climbed as high as 20% in some sections of the state. Hawaiian authorities have noted a substantial increase in influenza-like disease on the island of Oahu, particularly among teen-agers and young children. No area appears to have been harder hit than northern California. Since Dec. 20, health authorities in Santa Clara County have blamed 20 deaths, mainly among the elderly, on pneumonia, a frequent complication of flu. In the same period, the county has filed 19 certificates in which the flu itself was listed as the cause of death.

Because they have had no opportunity to isolate or culture a large enough supply of the new viruses, doctors have yet to develop a vaccine against the London flu. But they are advising immunization using the Hong Kong vaccine, on the theory that limited protection is better than none at all.

*New York, Maryland, California, Hawaii, Arizona, Colorado, Kansas, Texas, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Tennessee, Illinois, Washington, New Jersey, Georgia, North Carolina and Iowa.

The Youngest Addicts

The infant in Manhattan's Harlem Hospital was smaller than most newborn babies, and his cry was unusually shrill and high-pitched. Within several days after birth, his tormented wails became incessant. His sweating body shook and twitched. Occasionally he vomited. If his condition had gone undiagnosed and untreated, the baby might have suffered a convulsion, which could have been fatal, or have died a slower death by dehydration. But the signs have become all too familiar to inner-city doctors. The child's mother was a narcotics addict, and he was suffering withdrawal from the "habit" forced upon him in the womb.

In New York City alone last year,

cluding the fact that it does not normally produce the euphoria of heroin—but for the infant it seems to be even more dangerous than heroin.

Methadone, which easily crosses the placental barrier, may impede the fetus's normal development. More than 50% of all children born of methadone mothers are either premature or small for their gestational age. The same is true of the heroin baby, but most mothers on heroin receive minimal prenatal care and often have poor eating habits. By contrast, the methadone mother in a registered maintenance program is usually referred to a doctor for prenatal care. Although physicians cannot yet prove it, some suspect that the underdevelopment and prematurity of the methadone baby is a direct result of the drug. Dr. Carl Zelson, professor of pediatrics at New York Medical College, has performed laboratory studies that indicate definite retardation of cell

BY MICHAEL LEVIN



FOUR-DAY-OLD INFANT BEING TREATED DURING DRUG WITHDRAWAL
The symptoms are all too familiar in the ghetto.

there were more than 800 infants born of addicts. Many hundreds of others were born elsewhere, though there is no firm national count because some hospitals do not report these cases. Without proper care, doctors estimate, more than 50% of such cases can end in death. Treatment is effective and relatively simple. Some doctors give paregoric, an opium derivative that satisfies the child's need for a narcotic and controls withdrawal. Others administer depressants to calm the nervous system. While these drugs usually overcome the immediate crisis, experts are concerned that long-range effects on such children may be serious.

Grim Paradox. Until recently, heroin was considered the major villain. As more and more young female addicts have been enrolled in methadone maintenance programs, however, doctors have discovered a grim paradox: methadone is preferable for the adolescent or adult for a number of reasons—in-

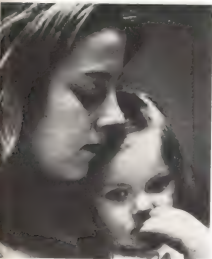
growth in some methadone babies. He has also found that there is a high incidence of convulsive seizures in methadone babies, resulting in possible brain damage.

At New York City's Albert Einstein College of Medicine, Dr. Lawrence Gartner, director of the division of neonatology, has found that methadone babies are generally less healthy than heroin babies, and are born with a greater incidence of respiratory distress and jaundice. "Their symptoms of withdrawal last longer and worsen progressively," he says. Gartner has recently discovered a rare and particularly ominous methadone problem. Five babies born at the college's affiliate, Abraham Jacobson Hospital, showed no withdrawal signs until between two and three weeks after birth, by which time the infant is usually away from constant medical supervision. Says Gartner: "We presume that there is a large buildup of methadone in the baby, which he slowly uses

up and then begins exhibiting signs of withdrawal."*

Medical symptoms aside, the child born of an addicted mother may have problems far beyond the physical. "Usually an addicted mother is narcissistic, dependent, hostile and often a lesbian," explains Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber, founder and executive director of the Odyssey House drug rehabilitation agency. "Usually she has no concept of how to be a mother. I've known pregnant addicts who live by prostitution to turn a trick even after the onset of labor pains."

One program to treat the addicted mother as well as the child is conducted at Mabon House, an offshoot of Odyssey House, on Ward's Island in New York City's East River. Here, 23 parents and children (there are currently two fathers in residence) live in a therapeutic, drug-free community. Mothers work in group nurseries and learn about



CARLETON & DAUGHTER JENNIFER
Mom needs help too.

parenthood through weekly discussions. "I used to take a lot out on my daughter Jennifer," says Dianne Carleton, 21, of Fairfield, Conn. "I started taking 'speed' because I wanted to lose weight, and then went to heroin." Although Dianne, currently the only white adult at Mabon House, is now off drugs and better able to cope with herself and her child, there are many who are not so lucky. "Somehow the pregnant addict is harder to treat than the non-pregnant," explains Dr. Antonio Domantay, an Odyssey House psychiatrist. Only 10% stay beyond the first six months at Mabon. Many of those who leave too soon go back on narcotics at a significant risk to themselves and their unborn children.

*At least one doctor dissents. In his work with methadone cases at Manhattan's Beth Israel Medical Center, Philip Lipsett repeatedly tested 14 children born of methadone mothers and found that they perform as well developmentally and psychologically as normal infants.

Capsules

► Some drug manufacturers argue that strict tests for safety and effectiveness are unnecessary for over-the-counter medicines. But two Pennsylvania researchers offer a case study to support the argument for such tests. Dr. Karl Rickels and Peter Hesbacher report in the *A.M.A. Journal* that Compoz, one of the nation's largest-selling nonprescription daytime sedatives, is no more effective than a placebo in relieving "simple nervous tension." The pair base their report on a study of 166 patients with mild to moderate anxiety who were divided into four groups and given Compoz, aspirin, a placebo and the prescription tranquilizer chlordiazepoxide. Patients on Compoz reported more frequently observed side effects, including drowsiness, dizziness, confusion, dry mouth and nausea, than all except those taking the prescription drug.

► Just how much exercise is right for the cardiac patient? Faced with this question, doctors have searched for easy means for the patient to determine when his heart has exceeded a safe rate. A team of German researchers now appears to have found one. Physician Hans Stephan and Drs. Hans Stöbber and Adalbert Schaefer have developed a device called a Cardiomet that monitors the working heart and tells when it is not beating at the proper rate. Not much larger than a billfold, the battery-operated gadget checks on the heart through electrodes stuck on the chest. It emits a single beep whenever the heart rate falls below a predetermined lower limit, a double beep whenever it rises above a preset ceiling. Doctors who have experimented with the device (retail price: \$280) find it particularly useful for getting their cardiac patients started on post-attack exercise programs.

► Although doctors are still uncertain as to the precise role of cholesterol in heart disease, many urge patients to try, through special dieting, to reduce the amount of the fatlike substance in their blood. That approach, however, may pose another hazard. A group of doctors from UCLA and the Veterans Administration Wadsworth Hospital in Los Angeles report in the *New England Journal of Medicine* that people on diets designed to reduce cholesterol levels are more likely to develop gallstones than those who eat normally. The researchers draw their conclusion from autopsy records of patients involved in a VA-run trial of dietary prevention of heart disease. Their study showed that 33% of the men who followed the VA diet had stones in their gall bladders; only 14% of those in the control group developed stones. The doctors are unsure as to how the experimental diet increased the incidence of gallstones, nor are they recommending that such diets be abandoned. Few people die of gallstones; heart disease kills more than 700,000 Americans a year.

MILESTONES

► **Born.** To Elliott Gould, 34, Hollywood's comic anti-hero most recently turned serious (*Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, M*A*S*H, *The Touch*); and Jenny Bogart, 20, his girl friend; their second child, first son; in Hollywood Name: Sam.

► **Married.** Sandy Duncan, 26, sunny heroine of TV's *Sandy Duncan Show* until its cancellation last month; and Dr. Thomas C. Calcaterra, 35, California surgeon who removed a tumor from behind Duncan's left eye in 1971; both for the second time; in Carson City, Nev.

► **Marriage Revealed.** Ernest Borgnine, 55, beefy, bearlike Academy Award winner (*Marty*, 1955) and former TV skipper of *McHale's Navy*; and Tove Newman, 30, beauty-products businesswoman; he for the fifth time, she for the second; in Niagara Falls, N.Y.; on Nov. 24.

► **Died.** Stanley Glibauch, 48, prolific graphic designer and artist whose wry sculptures in plastic, papier-mâché and other materials appeared on the covers of *Esquire*, *New York* and, on six occasions last year, *TIME* (most recently *TIME*'s nutrition cover, Dec. 18); of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

► **Died.** Albert Glen ("Turk") Edwards, 65, bruising 260-lb. offensive and defensive tackle for the old Boston Redskins (later the Washington Redskins) from 1932 to 1940; of emphysema and lung cancer; in Kirkland, Wash. Edwards' aggressive pursuit of opposition quarterbacks and ball carriers helped his team to three championships. Later he served as Redskins' head coach for two seasons and in 1969 was elected to the football Hall of Fame.

► **Died.** James Henle, 81, longtime president of Vanguard Press (1928-52) and first publisher of some of his generation's best-known authors, including Saul Bellow (*Dangling Man*, *The Victim*), James T. Farrell (*Studs Lonigan* trilogy), Dr. Seuss and Mystery Writer Rex Stout; of Parkinson's disease; in Arlington, Va.

► **Died.** Ernest Angell, 83, national board chairman of the American Civil Liberties Union (1950-69); who helped launch the ACLU's historic legal attacks on Government loyalty oaths, the death penalty, segregated juries and censorship of mail; in Manhattan.

► **Died.** Roy Ruggles Johnson, 89, former newsmen and radio broadcaster whose 1913 scoop for the Worcester (Mass.) *Telegram* exposed Jim Thorpe's minor fling in professional baseball, causing the athlete to lose his two 1912 Olympic gold medals; in Worcester.

THE PRESS

A Blow to Public TV

One reason for the improving quality of noncommercial television is the three-year-old Public Broadcasting Service, which sponsors programs that its 233 local stations could not produce on their own for lack of funds. Now this arrangement seems headed for oblivion. Relations between PBS and its congressionally established parent, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, have been steadily sinking under the weight of Nixon appointees to the corporation's board. Last week, in yet another Administration-inspired move to reduce the independence of journalists, the corporation directors unanimously decided to assume authority for financing and distributing specific programs. In the future, said Corporation President Henry Loomis and Chairman Thomas Curtis, PBS will be limited to the operation of technical facilities.

Speaking for PBS, Robert Schenck, head of KLRM in Austin, responded: "It is my personal judgment that this decision will not be acceptable to the licensees." But the local stations, whose representatives govern PBS, are unlikely to have much choice in the matter unless Congress intervenes.

Victims. Administration officials have criticized the liberal slant of some PBS programs and urged local stations to originate more shows as an antidote to the "fourth network." Indeed, President Nixon's veto last June of the \$155 million public broadcast appropriation froze PBS's budget. Then last month the corporation held a preliminary review of PBS's plans for 1973-74. In the past, the corporation had routinely approved PBS recommendations. This time, with

an 8-7 Republican majority and Loomis in charge, the corporation withheld approval of most of PBS's public affairs offerings, which constitute 30% of its schedule.

Among the victims were *Bill Moyers' Journal*, William Buckley's *Firing Line*, *Washington Week in Review* and *Black Journal*. These and other shows suddenly in jeopardy feature controversial subjects and personalities more often than the commercial networks do. The board, Loomis said, feels "that we ought to be spending our money on the kinds of programs that would stand up timewise for six months or a year." That means investing in what he calls "non-timely" offerings that could be used and reused by local stations.

Washington Week in Review would obviously fail to meet that criterion, but so would any program dealing with daily, weekly or even monthly events. *Firing Line* might have qualified, but since the conservative Buckley split with Nixon over the China trip, White House complaints about his outspoken views have been relayed to the CPB. "Their view," said one PBS official, "is that public TV has got no business getting into controversy, and we ought to stick strictly to educational things, pretty ballets and plays." James Day, president of WNET in New York, said: "The Administration will say that they are heading toward a library concept, but they control what is in the library."

PBS has resubmitted many of the same programs and, technically, no final vetoes have been imposed. But with the corporation holding the ultimate control over funds, the shows seemed doomed. Without federal money—the largest source of public TV financing—such programs would have to seek total support from foundations or other private sources. The corporation's move last week throws even that option into doubt. The corporation could prohibit self-supporting shows from using PBS-maintained facilities.

PBS defenders think that that threat is more serious than the demise of certain programs. If control of all network public TV is exercised by 15 presidential appointees, they argue, a form of censorship will flourish unchecked.

Celebrity Prisoner

Four newsmen have been jailed in the past year either for refusing to disclose sources of information or withholding unpublished material from curious grand juries. With the First Amendment no longer a shield against such proceedings, other reporters may also be prosecuted. Reporter William Farr ran into trouble while covering the Charles Manson murder trial for the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*. He published a story based on a witness's con-



WILLIAM FARR IN JAIL
Abounding ironies.

fidential statement to the district attorney's office, then refused to comply with Judge Charles Older's demand that he name his source. Upon losing a long legal fight, Farr was jailed in November. Last week, after 46 days, he was freed by an order from U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, pending the outcome of a new appeal. Just before his release, TIME Correspondent Timothy Tyler visited Farr to plumb his mood and discover the kind of life he led in the Los Angeles county jail.

Farr cannot get over the ironies of his situation. Had he been cited for criminal contempt, the maximum sentence would have been 65 days in jail and a fine of \$6,500. But a jail stay for civil contempt theoretically can be indefinite—"a virtual life sentence," as he put it. Even as he anticipated the Douglas order, Farr knew that he could be jailed once more if his current appeal fails. He can only free himself of the contempt citation if he discloses his source or if Older relents. For the present, both remain adamant.

If he does have to go back, Farr could do much worse than the L.A. jail, where he enjoyed a kind of celebrity status. Because the law requires the separation of civil and criminal offenders, Farr was put into a kind of isolation in the jail's hospital, where, unlike other prisoners, he was given a private room 8 ft. by 12 ft. It had no bars, just a small window in the door. Farr ate there alone, away from the common thieves and muggers. ("The food is good. Starchy, but plentiful and pretty good.") He could not take exercise with fellow inmates, so he established a private regimen: 30 push-ups and 60 sit-ups three times a day.

Farr wore the same light blue denim shirt and dark denim pants as the 3,700 other inmates, but there the sim-

BUCKLEY HOSTING "FIRING LINE"



ilarity ended. One of the senior jail officials came by frequently to chat. "He was a reader of *Intellectual Digest*," Farr said. "We would discuss how to run the jail. He's very serious about trying to treat his prisoners differently, because he believes in the innocent-until-proven-guilty thing."

In fact, Farr rarely lacked company, despite the nominal quota on visitors of six a week. There is no limit on journalistic interviews or conferences with lawyers, and since most of Farr's friends are newsmen or attorneys, he was frequently able to leave his small room and go to the visitors' area. Friends were even able to bring him mail that had been delivered to his home, a convenience denied most prisoners. An arrangement with the public library supplied him with as many books as he wanted, and again unlike other inmates, he was allowed to receive an unlimited number of magazines and newspapers.

"I have no bitterness against Older," Farr insists. Nonetheless, his life was disrupted, and may be again soon. Now 38 and divorced, Farr had been considering remarriage to his longtime girl friend, but that prospect has been relegated to limbo because of the uncertainty about his future. Despite the amenities of the jail, there was an obvious chafing. "The judge says, 'He's not even in jail, he's in the hospital,'" says Farr. "You could put this cell in the Waldorf-Astoria and it would still be jail."

Command Change

When the TV networks announce major executive shifts, the sound in the background is often the thud of rolling heads. But last week's replacement of Reuben Frank as president of NBC News transpired with no audible percussions. Frank, 52, had let it be known for some time that he was tired of administrative work. Five years ago he had brought in ex-Newspaper Editor Richard C. Wald as a News vice president. Last June, when Frank made Wald his second in command, it seemed clear that Wald was being groomed to succeed his patron. With that change accomplished, Frank now plans to return to producing news documentaries.

Still, the networks rarely change a winning team, and NBC News has recently had some lukewarm seasons. As a producer, Frank first united Chet Huntley and David Brinkley during the 1956 convention coverage, but the pair's breakup in 1970 left a vacuum in NBC's flagship evening news that has never been satisfactorily filled. ABC's aggressive team of Harry Reasoner and Howard K. Smith has chipped away at NBC's ratings, and CBS remains ahead in the competition. On the plus side—in prestige if not revenue—NBC is the only network running regularly scheduled documentaries in prime time.

Wald, 41, brings considerable experience to the post (at 35 he was managing editor of the *New York Herald*

Tribune). His handling of NBC's \$100 million annual news budget will get close scrutiny, both from Madison Avenue and competitors. "We'll make changes," Wald said, "but not immediately." As if to stress the amicable nature of the change in command, he summoned a quip for his first day on the job: "I plan to continue in the grand tradition of American journalism, and I'll figure out tomorrow what that is."

Striking a New Match

For 23 years *Paris Match* has been selling photojournalism à la LIFE. Each week in its pages, pictures on breaking news stories compete for space with lavish color spreads of Côte d'Azur celebrities and views of exotic locales. Since 1958, though, when its average sale peaked at 1,520,000 copies, the magazine has lost readers at a clip of 60,000 or 70,000 per year. Sales in 1971 dipped

spites for oysters and naps—Glaser and the *Paris Match* art staff remade the magazine. Glaser ended the magazine's frequent practice of superimposing captions and photo inserts on page-size pictures and established a firm separation between text and illustrations. He installed a new type face and a uniform layout for feature stories. In two new special-interest sections on Parisian entertainment and city life, Glaser borrowed some graphic tricks from his own work at *New York*: colored pages or borders, boxed stories and charts, regular use of cartoon illustrations, an eye-catching mixture of white space and type. After this 26-hour ordeal, Prouvost immediately approved the design and Glaser's exhausted co-workers toasted him with champagne. "It was," says Glaser, "a real ego trip."

But the changes at *Paris Match* are more than skin deep. Since the first "new" issue hit the stands on Dec. 9

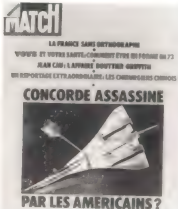


OLD VERSION OF MAGAZINE AND MODERNIZED, SMALLER DESIGN

to 811,000 per week, and 1972 returns showed a further decrease. Rumors naturally followed that *Match* would be snuffed out. Last month Founder and Publisher Jean Prouvost, still active at 87, took steps to lure readers back.

Prouvost had earlier decided to shave an inch from the magazine's vertical size to create a less bulky format. Then he ruled that a complete typographical overhaul should accompany that change. Among those he called on for advice was Commercial Artist Milton Glaser, 43, design director of *New York* magazine. Glaser went to Paris in late November and quickly whipped off some 30 sample designs for the "new" *Paris Match* cover. Impressed, Prouvost then asked Glaser to redesign the entire magazine. The only hitch was that he refused to wait the two or three months that Glaser guessed the job would take: "He wanted a complete new design by tomorrow," Glaser remembers, "and he really did want it tomorrow."

From 5 p.m. one Friday until 7:30 the next evening—with only brief re-



(and attracted an additional 200,000 buyers), the magazine has devoted more space to news and timely features; although the ratio of pictures to text is still fifty-fifty, the photographs seem chosen to complement rather than dominate accompanying stories. "We deal with hotter subjects now," says Photography Editor Jean Rigade. "B-52 raids rather than *National Geographic*-type picture stories about the great rivers of the world. The beauty of the photos is less important than their content."

With increased newsstand sales (which account for 88% of *Paris Match*'s circulation) at 10¢ more per copy, Prouvost's experiment shows early signs of succeeding. Speculation that his death will be followed by the death of *Paris Match* must contend with the vigor of both parties. Prouvost still watches the magazine go to press in the wee hours each Friday morning, and even during its weak 1972 showing *Paris Match* turned an estimated \$2,000,000 profit. Says Prouvost: "There isn't any reason to kill a magazine that makes that much money, is there?"

ENERGY

And Now, the Chillout

THE much-discussed U.S. energy crisis often tends to sound like a fairly distant event that may well be avoided by wise planning and careful allocation of resources. But last week the crisis became all too real. In scattered sections of the nation there were cold schools, unfilled jet-aircraft tanks, empty propane containers and a hasty scramble among high state officials to arrange emergency delivery of precious fuels. Just as the nation's utilities have been forced to conserve electricity in recent summers by staging "brownouts," so they and the fuel industry at large had to ration cold-weather heating fuel by enforcing a series of "chillouts."

Residents of Sioux City, Iowa, were asked by Mayor Paul Berger to turn back their thermostats to 68° until the shortages end. Public schools in Denver, Wichita, Kans., and Nebraska City, Neb., were either shut down or put on short hours for want of anything to put in the furnaces. In Illinois dozens of grain-elevator operators have been unable to buy gas, leaving heaps of undried grain in danger of rotting. In New York City, American Airlines and TWA converted some nonstop transcontinental flights into interrupted runs so that the planes could fuel up along the way. The schedule changes resulted from cutbacks in jet-fuel deliveries by Texaco refineries.

Even some of the sun states were af-

fected. The University of Texas at Austin, which is endowed with hundreds of thousands of acres of oil-rich land, postponed registration for 38,000 students because natural-gas deliveries had been halted. Staffers at KLRN-TV, the university-operated station, reported to work in thermal underwear and huddled around a camping heater. "We submitted a plan for a nuclear power plant here, but it was rejected by the voters," said Austin City Manager Dan Davidson. "This is an unfortunate education for our citizens that we must have a new source of energy." In Indiana, Senator Birch Bayh rushed to aid farmers by arranging an emergency shipment of grain-drying propane gas from New Jersey's Public Service Electric & Gas Co. and Houston's Tenneco Inc.

Dirty Alternative. Unusually cold weather caused much of the mess. Almost the whole state of Texas was coated with a rare ice storm, and Denver temperatures in early January averaged 17° below normal. Even so, according to the National Weather Service, temperatures in six representative cities in the early part of this winter have averaged only 3.7° below normal, indicating that fuel reserves for unexpected cold spells are low.

The nation's basic fuel problem is a shortage of natural gas, the cleanest and often the cheapest source of heat and electricity. In recent years, demand

for that ideal fuel has jumped by an average 6% annually, while proven domestic reserves have actually declined. Fuel oil No. 2, a clean alternative to natural gas for many industries and other big users, is in unusually short supply this year. Iowa Governor Robert Ray, whose state has been among the hardest hit by the chillout, charges that operators of major refineries are responsible for the shortage because they have lately found it more profitable to produce auto gasoline than No. 2. General George Lincoln, director of the Office of Emergency Preparedness, agrees that the fuel-oil shortage is partly due to the price-control program, which was introduced in 1971 during the late summer, when gas prices are usually high and those for fuel oil low. Last week's new rules for Phase III, which loosen the price-control system, may help alleviate the shortages.

But the national fuel shortage is likely to outlast any adjustment of wage-price controls. To prepare for the all-but-inevitable rationing that will be necessary in the next few years, the Federal Power Commission last week drew up a service-priority list for serious chillouts in the future. It gives residential and small commercial customers the most security in the event of gas shortages and big industrial users the most "interruptible" rating. Other emergency plans under consideration include a further loosening of some restrictions on fuel imports and a system of "variances," already being studied by Iowa officials, that would permit the burning of high-polluting grades of coal and oil in times of shortages.

CARL WASSER

CHRISTY YOUNG

EMERGENCY OIL DELIVERY AT GOLDEN, COLO., SCHOOL

SHIVERING AT KLRN-TV IN AUSTIN, TEXAS

AVIATION

Victory for Hughes

Even to one of the richest men in the world another \$100 million or so is a welcome windfall. And that was just the sort of present Howard Hughes received last week when the Supreme Court decided by a vote of 6-2 that a series of lower courts were wrong when they ruled that the eccentric billionaire owed Trans World Airlines \$170 million in damages plus interest. "Hughes didn't stomp his feet or say, 'Hell, it's about time,'" said one of his London entourage. "But he was happy. He was absolutely ecstatic."

The TWA controversy, one of the biggest damage suits in the history of U.S. jurisprudence, had been hanging over Hughes for nearly twelve years. It was, in fact, a major reason for his self-imposed seclusion. As he said last year, "I don't want to spend the rest of my life in some courtroom, being harassed and interrogated." Besides, Hughes had good reason to think that he would lose. Since the case began in 1961, he had been beaten in every battle: in 1963 a federal judge moved to enter a default judgment against him for refusing to appear in court, in 1970 a federal district court awarded TWA \$145 million in damages and in 1971 an appeals court affirmed the award. Last year Hughes sold the oil-drilling-equipment end of the Hughes Tool Co. for about \$150 million—a move widely interpreted as a way of raising cash to pay TWA.

Shelter. Last week's ruling, in effect, contradicted TWA's allegations that Hughes committed antitrust violations in the 1950s, when he owned nearly 80% of TWA and made all of its major decisions. TWA charged in the suit that when jet aircraft were first brought into commercial use in 1958, Hughes deliberately procrastinated in securing them for the airline. He eventually had the line lease jets from his Hughes Tool Co. before buying his own, an arrangement that TWA lawyers said benefited the tool company more than TWA. Hughes Tool Co. had large cash reserves at the time, but by buying jets, leasing them to the airline and depreciating them against profits, Hughes Tool could shelter much of its earnings from taxes. TWA lawyers say that the tool company avoided full taxation on \$20 million in this manner. By the time TWA was in the air with a sizable fleet of jets in 1959, competing airlines were months ahead. In the suit, TWA lawyers asked for damages to make up for profits the line claimed it lost because of the delay. But the Supreme Court ruled that all of TWA's aircraft deals with Hughes Tool had been approved at the time by the Civil Aeronautics Board, thereby eliminating Hughes' antitrust liability.

The ruling was a galling disappointment to TWA chiefs, but it will not seriously affect the company's finances.

PHOTO: GATCHEL/USA



EXECUTIVE PLANES WING TO WING AT LA GUARDIA AIRPORT

Speedy and convenient for short hops and corporate ego trips.

TWA executives have never counted the potential damage payment among the firm's assets. Still, the decision had an adverse effect on the price of TWA stock; it closed at 35%, down 2% for the week. TWA's only real loss was as much as \$10 million in legal fees.

Now that Hughes has been vindicated, and TWA's case against him in a mismanagement suit in Delaware weakened, he may devote his attention to investing the \$150 million from last year's sale of Hughes Tool Co. stock. The sale allowed him to retain the company's helicopter and heavy-machinery businesses but dispose of its division that makes oil-drilling equipment. Hughes had never much cared for that operation, which he acquired at the age of 18 after his father died. A number of the firm's key drilling-equipment patents were about to expire, so Hughes found it an opportune time to divest. The remaining Hughes empire embraces airlines, electronics, gambling and real estate interests valued at more than \$1 billion. If Hughes acts according to now-familiar tastes, he could well use the cash from the Hughes Tool stock sale to buy some ailing but important company in oil, transportation or entertainment. And now that he need not face harassment and interrogation in court, it is even possible that he may decide to show his face in public again.

Private-Jet Surge

*Then you flew your Learjet up to
Nova Scotia,*

to see the total eclipse of the sun.

You're so vain

—Carly Simon, singing the rock hit

You're So Vain

Learjets, Gulfstreams and Sabreliners were among the conspicuous status symbols of the high-flying 1960s, but as the decade closed, sales of executive jets and other private planes fell as

much as 50%. Now, in every category of "general aviation" aircraft, which reaches from the \$3,500,000 Grumman Gulfstream II jet to the tiny \$14,580 Piper Cherokee, sales are once again on the wing. Manufacturers are pretty much in agreement on the basic reason for the reversal. Says Grumman American Aviation President Russell Meyer: "It's clearly geared to the upswing in the economy."

The biggest seller in the small-jet market is Cessna's Citation, a \$725,000 twin fanjet eight-seater (including that of the pilot) with an average range of 1,230 miles; it was brought out early last year. In December Cessna delivered ten Citations, bringing last year's total sales to 52, and company officials expect to sell double that number of planes this year.

Gates Learjet's sales are rising too: last week the Wichita-based firm announced that it had sold 16 planes in the past month alone. A typical model, the six-seater 24D, which retails for \$863,000, has a 1,884-mile range and cruises at 550 m.p.h. Lockheed's \$2,000,000 JetStar stresses low operating costs, as does North American Rockwell's Sabre 75A (\$1.8 million). Beechcraft does not produce its own jet, but markets the comfortable British Beechcraft Hawker BH-125 600, which sells for \$592,000. As for Grumman, it sold 22 Gulfstreams in 1972, compared with twelve in 1971. And, says a happily harried Grumman vice president, Jack Rettaliata, "We don't see any let-down ahead."

Last year manufacturers produced 9,775 private aircraft worth \$558 million, the highest totals since 1969. They turned out 150 private jets, up from 49 in 1971 and 111 in 1969, which was the previous high. Sales of single-engine prop planes have not yet returned to earlier peaks.

Why the popularity of the business jets? Corporate ego trips are still a very

BUSINESS

real factor. The Administration's recent profit margin limits may have led some companies to put their profits in planes rather than on earnings statements. But there are more pragmatic reasons. According to the private plane manufacturers (not an entirely disinterested source), the U.S. commercial air structure simply is not fully responsive to the needs of the public, and businessmen in particular. While it is easy to jet from New York to Chicago or San Francisco, it is considerably more difficult to reach, say, Albany, Ga., from a big city. Speed and convenience are especially important if an executive is rushed and wants to take two or three important clients along. Orders for new top-of-the-line aircraft are coming in so heavily, in fact, that even the used-jet market may soon run low on stock.

will be a strong market for most skills this year, particularly in accounting and hotel management. Meanwhile, an annual job forecast compiled by Frank S. Endicott, Northwestern University education professor emeritus, indicates that job offers to college graduates will be up 19% for men and 35% for women from last year, and that openings for engineers with bachelor's degrees will rise 42%. The recent recession and lagging federal spending on aerospace and defense projects darkened career prospects for some types of engineers. These factors apparently kept many students away from the field. John Alden, a manpower analyst at the Engineering Joint Council, predicts a nationwide engineer shortage in the next few years.

For all the increase in jobs, starting salaries will be little changed from last year. Endicott predicts only about a 2% overall rise in pay—less than last year's inflation. According to Endicott, these are the average monthly starting salaries being offered for male June graduates with bachelor's degrees.

ENGINEERING	\$905
ACCOUNTING	902
PHYSICS	880
CHEMISTRY	843
SALES	804
MATHEMATICS AND STATISTICS	794
ECONOMICS AND FINANCE	790
LIBERAL ARTS	724
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION	722

In sum, a plentiful supply of job openings will make a welcome graduation present for the class of 1973.



RECRUITING INTERVIEW AT GEORGIA TECH

JOBS

Cheer on Campus

At the nation's colleges and universities, January can be the busiest month. Christmas vacation ends; midyear exams are either just beginning or just completed; the basketball season heats up—and corporate recruiters descend on campus to start their annual quest for talent. In recent years the job market dwindled. Now, though there may be snow on the quad from Princeton to Portland State, the winter of student discontent is waning.

Three surveys of corporate hiring plans show that prospects for June graduates are up significantly this year. The outlook for aspiring teachers is still cheerless, but newly minted engineers will be sought almost as avidly as All-America fullbacks. The College Placement Council of Bethlehem, Pa., surveyed 672 corporations and found that job offers would be up 15% this year for recipients of bachelor's degrees, 22% for holders of master's degrees and 20% for Ph.D.s. John Shingleton, director of the Michigan State University placement bureau, predicts that there

CONSUMERISM

Shift at the FTC

Depending on how warmly he feels about a departing subordinate, Richard Nixon accepts resignations with either "deep personal regret," "deep regret," "regret," or simply "appreciation." When Miles W. Kirkpatrick resigned last week after two years as chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, a White House spokesman could muster only "appreciation" for Kirkpatrick's services. After some questioning by the press, that lukewarm feeling was heated up a day later to "deep regret." Even so, as a Republican Senator explained, "Nixon expects people to know fundamentally what his philosophy is and generally to follow it. When they don't, he has ways of letting them know it is time to leave."

Kirkpatrick insists that he was not shoved out. But it is no secret in Washington that the President has been bothered by the pro-consumer vigor that Kirkpatrick injected into the once lethargic FTC. Under him the agency began requiring advertisers to submit periodic documentation of their claims.

The FTC ordered a few advertisers—including Sugar Information, Inc. and the makers of Profile bread—to run corrective ads to straighten out earlier misleading claims. The FTC also advocated that broadcasters allow "counteradvertising" by groups that oppose a product or a message that regular advertisers are trying to push. Under the proposal, for example, antipollution forces would be entitled to free time to rebut auto-company commercials. The FTC charged four big food companies (Kellogg, General Foods, General Mills and Quaker Oats) with monopolizing the breakfast cereal market, and tried to block a merger between two large drug firms (Parke-Davis and Warner-Lambert). Last month the agency accused Xerox of illegally muscling competition from the \$1.7 billion copier market.

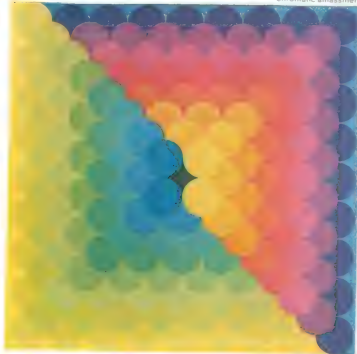
Kirkpatrick will probably be succeeded by Lewis Engman, an aide to White House Domestic Policy Chief John Ehrlichman. There is speculation in Washington that Engman, who helped prepare the Administration's since-rejected proposal for a value-added tax, may not continue the FTC's strong pro-consumer orientation. But the job sometimes makes the man. After drawing some initial criticism, a number of Nixon appointees have turned out to be eager and effective regulators. Among them: Securities and Exchange Commission Chairman William J. Casey (who is moving to the State Department), Environmental Protection Administrator William Ruckelshaus—and Kirkpatrick himself, who was originally opposed by some consumer groups as being too soft.



DEPARTING CHAIRMAN KIRKPATRICK
Time to leave.

artist: bayer

chromatic amazement

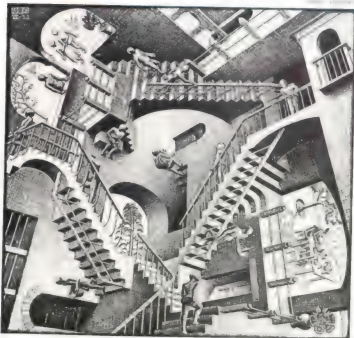


The ideal

A society in balance. A healthy, well housed, fully employed peacetime population — with clear air, clean water and equal opportunity for everyone.

The real

We move in different directions, disregarding our neighbor's goal. We dilute our efforts. We fail to reach the equilibrium our strength could give us.



Achieving national goals requires a balanced effort. We must continue to seek new ways to reduce air and water pollution... raise the standard of living of men and women whose potential contribution to society is not being realized... and maintain a sound economy, which will be necessary to achieve environmental and social goals.

Above all, we must broaden our perspective to weigh all our goals in making decisions. For these goals are interrelated. We cannot afford to pursue any one of them at the cost of another.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany ♦



We have thatched-roof
roundhouses
that are African in origin.
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But in Jamaica it's called rumba box.

And keeps the beat to "Day-o."

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But we don't even have snakes.

Like many of us, Winston Stona and Andrea Fettiplace (right) have had Ireland, India, Cuba, France, Spain and Scotland added to their African heritage.

African has become *Jamaican*.

In Jamaica.

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BOOKS

Sweet Jack Gone

KEROUAC
by ANN CHARTERS
384 pages. Straight Arrow. \$7.95.
VISIONS OF CODY
by JACK KEROUAC
398 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$8.95.

The child discovers that his favorite ballplayer can be traded to a rival team and play just as well. The adult learns that politicians do not have to fool all the people all the time; some of the time is usually sufficient. Now, as if the world were not disillusioning enough, we find out in Ann Charters' forthcoming biography that Jack Kerouac did not drive.

Kerouac, the author of *On the Road*, the Jack that journalism built into the king of the Beat Generation and the Zen terror of the transcontinental blacktop, sat passively in the passenger's seat and watched his life, reflected in the American landscape, go by like so many flaking Burma Shave signs. "I'm doomed to these universal watchfulnesses," he wrote, though not as effortlessly as Kerouac readers were once led to believe. Author Charters dispels the popular misconception that *On the Road* leaped spontaneously out of Kerouac's head and onto the 120-ft. roll of teletype paper he had rigged to his typewriter. He worked on it in one form or another from 1951 until it was finally published in 1957.

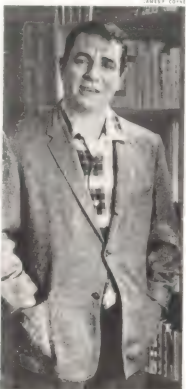
Nonstop. Like Thomas Wolfe and other American romanticists, Kerouac found his main preoccupation as a writer in his own responses to himself. He celebrated the open road, the moment intensified by Benzedrine and marijuana and writing nonstop off the top of his head. But Kerouac lived mainly in his memories. "Nostalgia dominated Jack's soul," said his friend and most eloquent eulogist Allen Ginsberg, who also saw Kerouac as "the last of the great American Christian drinkers." It was alcohol that contributed to the abdominal hemorrhaging that killed him three years ago at the age of 47.

Kerouac also appeared to have lacerated himself with honesty, as if his truth were a scourge that could bring him closer to the state of beatitude—the word from which he said the term "beat" had been derived. That view is confirmed by Mrs. Charters in her sympathetic and levelheaded biography.

But as far back as 1959, two years after *On the Road* came out, Kerouac attempted to correct his wild-man public image. At college seminars and in the pages of *Playboy*, he traced the roots of his beatness to his fiercely independent ancestors in Brittany. He followed them to French Canada and later to New Hampshire, where his grandfather

would shake his lantern at lightning and dare God to strike him down. But it was Lowell, Mass., where he was born and raised, that enraptured Kerouac. It was the whole lost prewar world of Friday-night beers, Saturday ball games, dips in the brook, *Krazy Kat*, horror movies and 1930's popular culture. There was also football. Kerouac was a talented running back, in high school and at Columbia, where he dropped the game in favor of the literary life.

Kerouac always retained a trace of his immigrant forebears' fascination for the size and vitality of America. He was respectful where the nation's symbols



JACK KEROUAC IN 1968
Never a driver, always a dreamer.

were concerned. Once, when Ginsberg playfully draped him in a flag, Kerouac carefully removed and folded it. Yet he remained totally wrapped up in himself. In his last printed words, published in a syndicated article the day before he died on Oct. 21, 1969, he denounced both the political establishment and radical youth, and proclaimed himself a lonely "Bippie-in-the-Middle."

This is a difficult place to be, especially for Kerouac. His vision of America and craving for community was split between the ordered Eastern town of his youth and the wild emptiness of the West that loomed through the windshield. It is the national con-

dition, guaranteed to contribute to persistent discontent and the continuous appearance of romantic rebellion, singularly or in groups like the beats.

Although he had the rugged good looks and the compact build of such Depression movie heroes as Dane Clark and John Garfield, there was something vaguely spinsterish about Kerouac. He was married three times, but his marriages were almost as fleeting as the destinations of his travels. Time and again he would return to live with his mother, who rarely let him forget that it had been her job in a shoe factory that bought him his writing time.

In his novels, which never earned much money, Kerouac found his principal consolation. His fiction is practically all autobiographical: *The Town and the City*, an idealization of Lowell, Mass.; *Vanity of Duluz*, the years at Columbia with William Burroughs, Ginsberg, et al.; *On the Road*, the celebrated cross-country adventures; *The Subterraneans*, beat life in San Francisco; *The Dharma Bums*, beat life plus Zen Buddhism; *Big Sur*, the inability to handle fame and alcohol; and *Satori in Paris*, a search for ancestral past in Brittany.

Manhood. There are other books, but even when read in sequence as the legend that Kerouac envisioned they do not add up to his ideal of the Great American Novel, "explaining everything to everybody." How could it? Kerouac's appeal, particularly in *On the Road*, is in the way he stylizes the facts of his life into fantasies of sustained joy and enthusiasm. The raw technique is apparent in *Visions of Cody*, a little-known work that has just been republished. *Cody* is another road novel that Biographer Charters says was written as an early version of *On the Road*. Experimental, sprawling, choked with endless conversations—some transcribed from actual tapes—*Visions* is his attempt to find his own voice and form as a writer.

The hero (in the old-fashioned sense) is Cody Pomeroy, the Dean Moriarty in *On the Road*. In real life he was Neal Cassidy, a homeless Denver juvenile delinquent who became not only the man behind the wheel in Kerouac's life but the embodiment of Kerouac's deepest dreams of freedom and lost American manhood. Cassidy was not only a nonstop driver but a ceaseless talker. Like a car radio, he could go on and on, spinning wild stories in a sort of verbal bebop. "See? Here's what I'm saying, for example, I say, no man, 'can't get it down,' you know, and even as I say it it sounds awful, then also it sounds like struggling to get it down."

During the '60s, Cassidy caromed naturally from the Beat Generation into the acid culture. He joined Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters and was last seen heading into Mexico, where in 1968 he dropped dead next to a railroad track after a spree fueled by a fatal blend of drugs and alcohol. Thus end-

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BOOKS

ed Kerouac's final vision: he and his friend Cassidy growing old together living with their families on the same street in some quiet backwater. Very touching, and very American, James Fenimore Cooper fantasizes the last Mohicans. Kerouac dreams up Neal Cassidy as the last cowboy. ■ R.Z. Sheppard

Memory Lane

THE FRED ASTAIRE AND GINGER ROGERS BOOK
by ARLENE CROCE
191 pages. Outerbridge & Lazard.
\$9.95.

He had an undernourished clown's face, an indeterminately skinny body, and a sophistication that he wore with uncertainty—even in his white tie, top hat and tails. She was soft- and sunny-looking—not beautiful or exotic, but pretty in a way that suggested both sexual challenge and the sisterly virtue of the girl next door.

But somehow, somehow, he always got her to dance. Suddenly, this bony nervous little man became masterful. Invariably, the scornful, the superior, the prickly Ginger Rogers responded. Their dances, begun as wary fencing, ended in mesmerized fascination. Nowhere in film has dance thus become the delectable yet decorous expression of the mating impulse. It embodied every man's fantasy and every girl's hope of being swept off her feet. It did not hurt that Fred Astaire was almost as unlikely looking a romantic lead as you or the next ordinary moviegoer.

In this heavily illustrated, highly readable short book, Arlene Croce, ed-

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BOOKS

itor of *Bullet Review* and freelance critic, has traced in meticulous detail the happenstance that brought about the partnership and produced that wondrous series of nine Astaire-Rogers movies in only three years, 1934-36. Among them: *Top Hat*, *The Gay Divorcee*, *Flying Down to Rio*. Astaire was 34 when the series began, and distinctly the lesser half of the famed Broadway act he made up with his sister Adele, who had abruptly quit her career to marry an English lord. Twelve years younger, Ginger was a knock-about ingénue with a track record of some success but no public personality of her own. Astaire was unquestionably the architect. He designed the dances, demanded complete control of the cutting and synchronization.

The result of this technical skill was an illusion of total spontaneity. Though knowing dance experts might point out scornfully that Astaire faked some of Ginger's taps, Astaire never again or before had a partner who produced the same alchemy as Ginger. As Author Croce, who can turn a nice phrase, notes, Ginger had her own qualities. "That beautiful supple back that let her arch from his arms like a black lily," while he produced "those ratcheting tap clusters that fall like loose change from his pockets."

Well, alas, the partnership broke up, mostly because Ginger had higher ambitions. Observes Croce, who does not admire Ginger as a straight actress as much as some of us: "She's an American classic just as he is: common clay that we prize above classic marble. The difference between them is that he knew it and she didn't." To adapt a phrase from Thomas Nash, brightness fell from the air. Its particular gleam has never been recaptured—except perhaps in this book.

■ A.T. Baker

Bow-Wow and Barley!

THE SMALL HOUSE HALFWAY UP IN THE NEXT BLOCK: PAUL RHYMER'S "VIC AND SADE"
Edited by MARY FRANCES RHYMER
301 pages, McGraw-Hill, \$9.50.

More than 30 years ago, TIME noted that "7,000,000 radio fans would find life harder to bear without *Vic and Sade*." Now, for all of us who regularly turned to the RC A Little Nipper or Philco Super Heterodyne ("No stoop, no squat, no squint"), it is time for nostalgic celebration. Vic, Sade and Rush Gook are back, along with Uncle Fletcher, Blue Tooth Johnson, Mr. Gumpox, and all those great everyday people who lived somewhere west of Dismal Seepage, Ohio, and east of Sweet Esther, Wis. As for the young, who may have wondered about cryptic Vic and Sadeisms that still crop up in their elders' talk, here at last is a chance to sample the real stuff. Mary Frances Rhymer, the author's widow, has lovingly selected 30 of Paul Rhymer's "as broadcast" scripts from the 3,500 *Vic*



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BOOKS



VAN HARVEY (VIC) & FLYNN (SADE)
Low camp or loving memory.

and *Sade* programs offered between 1932 and the last show in 1945.

There is a preface by Ray Bradbury, and some glossy prints of the original cast. But the old scripts are the heart of the book. This is no retrospective interpretation of *Vic and Sade*. The characters are presented just as they were—gentle, funny, low-key and as timeless as the telephone poles on U.S. 20.

Flip through these pages and it's 1938. The maple leaves whisper outside the bedroom window and the algebra book is lying unopened on the desk. The Emerson table radio is tuned to WGR, Buffalo, as the announcer asks you to join him in "the small house halfway up in the next block" and the voice of Vic comes through the speaker greeting his son Rush: "Hi de hi, ho de ho, ink stopper."

At least, after a while. The actual scripts encountered in print, 40 years on, at first are *not* as remembered. Those once lovingly familiar colloquialisms don't exactly jump from the page. A moment of panic sets in. Can this be all? Is memory playing tricks? Most *Vic and Sade* fans remember only the high spots and forget the in-between. But the real pleasure of the book is that the reader consults the scripts in search of past delights and finds a newer, steadier enjoyment. All the programs are skillfully written, paced and plotted. Each one is a mirror of small-town life and conversation. Then remembered gems begin to appear. Sheer delight—like the first time Vic refers to Sade as "Dr. Streech." Or when Vic comments on a letter from Sade's sister Bess.

Sade (quoting from letter): "...I expect Vic is having big times at his office."

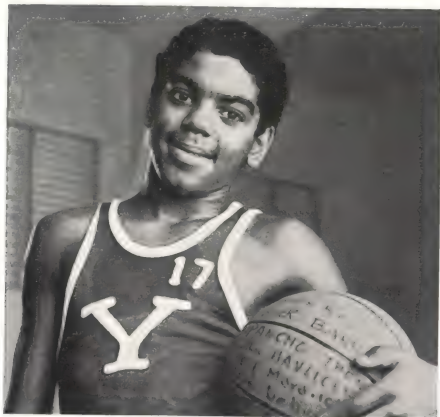
Vic (chuckles). Oh, boy.

Sade: What?

Vic: Next time you write, assure her that I *am* having big times at the office. I put roses in my hair and dance barefoot the whole day through.

Sade (gently): Smartness, huh?

Vic (chuckles): What's she think I



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BOOKS

do at my office—sing songs and eat grapes?

Sadie (gently): All right, I'll put the letter away.

To those who have never been addicted, this sort of thing may sound like low-camp, soft-shoe style, particularly when the words are deprived of the deep adenoidal torque that Art Van Harvey, as Vic, used to put on them. But a true believer can be reduced to the helpless laughter of a hyena in a feather factory by some scenes. At one point, Vic is memorizing the opening ritual for his lodge meeting. Rush is checking and prompting him from a copy made by Miss Gregg, Vic's secretary. The following exchange takes place:

Vic: The heroes have returned from the fray an' will shortly squat before the camp-fire to pow-wow an' parley.

Rush: Bow-wow and barley

Vic: What?

Rush: It's bow-wow an' barley.

Vic: It is not

Rush: It is too. Look right here on the—

Vic: Miss Gregg made a typographical error. She copied this off on her machine an' did it in a rush an' there's several mistakes you'll run across. Use your head, pipe-cleaner. One doesn't squat before the camp-fire to bow-wow and barley. One squats before the camp-fire to pow-wow an' parley.

Rush: I don't do either one.

On second thought, maybe those who aren't *Vic* and *Sadie* fans should stay away. The rest of us, though, may soon find ourselves referring to our offspring as "dust mop" and "downspout," or walking through the front door at home with a soft "Hi de hi, ho de ho."

• Jack Keil

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (1 last week)
- 2—The Odessa File, Forsyth (2)
- 3—August 1914, Solzhenitsyn (3)
- 4—Semi-Tough, Jenkins (4)
- 5—The Persian Boy, Renault (5)
- 6—The Comarons, Crichton (6)
- 7—Elephants Can Remember, Christie (7)
- 8—The Eiger Sanction, Travarian (8)
- 9—The Winds of War, Wouk
- 10—Green Darkness, Selan (10)

NONFICTION

- 1—The Best and the Brightest, Halberstam (1)
- 2—Harry S. Truman, Truman (2)
- 3—I'm O.K., You're O.K., Harris (3)
- 4—Supermoney, "Smith" (5)
- 5—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, Atkins (6)
- 6—The Joy of Sex, Comfort (4)
- 7—Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye, O'Donnell, Powers, McCarthy (7)
- 8—All Creatures Great and Small, Herriot (8)
- 9—Journey to Ixtlan, Castaneda (9)
- 10—Eleanor: The Years Alone, Lash



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New Curbs on Cars

Throughout most of this century, the American's private automobile has been a vehicle of personal freedom, of both convenience and romance. Now the whole era of the open road may be ending—or at least fading—because of a document entitled the Clean Air Amendments of 1970.

By this act, in the name of public health, Congress has set strict federal limits on key air pollutants across the nation. During a period that started last week and will continue until a Feb. 15 deadline, every state must report how it plans to obey the federal standards

vide an answer for them. Meantime two nearby cities filed suit for faster action, and the court ruled that EPA Administrator William D. Ruckelshaus would have to reveal his proposal for L.A. this week. With no time to develop a really workable plan, he is expected to announce an unprecedented interim expedient: World War II-style rationing that would reduce gasoline consumption by over 80% during the smoggiest six months of the year.

When word of this drastic proposal leaked out, the Los Angeles Times editorialized: "That our cars have made a health-harming and aesthetic mess of things is undeniable. But calling a screaming halt to auto use would be more destructive still." Los Angeles' neighbors disagree. The cities of Riverside and San Bernardino, which filed the suit to speed EPA action, are suffocating under a pall of Los Angeles' pollutants; they lie at the end of a natural funnel east of L.A.—and the prevailing winds blow from the west. Says their lawyer, Mary Nichols: "They see the Clean Air Act as their only hope."

Other cities do not have to go to the extreme of gas rationing, but their own transportation plans will undoubtedly change old, free-wheeling ways. In general, TIME found in roundup interviews last week, the cities count on three simultaneous measures. They will improve mass-transit systems (mainly bus) by buying new equipment and reserving highway lanes for express buses to the suburbs. They will require that old cars be "retro-fitted" with devices to reduce exhaust emissions. Finally, they will encourage car pools by incentives such as free trips through toll gates.

Some of the other plans:

- ▶ A study in Seattle has shown that many motorists are either lost or looking for a cheap parking space. The city therefore hopes to design clearer traffic signs and start charging equal amounts for all parking within a given area. For commuters, it will provide express bus rides from free parking lots on the outskirts of town.

- ▶ New York's major pollution problem is caused not by the private car but by fleets of taxis and trucks. The city will restrict cabs cruising in the mid- and downtown areas in search of fares. It also hopes to reorganize truck systems so that each truck will make all its deliveries in one compact area.

- ▶ Washington, D.C., which is building a new subway system, proposes to buy 1,300 new buses by 1975 and to set up a computerized service to help commuters form car pools by collating home and office addresses, telephone numbers and work hours.

- ▶ Boston may put all its federal, state and city employees on a four-day week to stagger traffic flows.

- ▶ Colorado plans to give Denver

commuters special state income tax credits for using public transportation. The state air-pollution control commission will also work with the land-use commission to try to control any suburban growth that might create more air pollution. Construction of suburban shopping centers, with their vast parking lots, might thus be stopped.

"The question is how the public will react to all the plans," says Robert Sansom, head of the EPA's air and water programs. "For the public will finally feel the bite." Fitting old cars with expensive (up to \$100) antipollution equipment is bound to be criticized as "regressive," since the people owning old cars are often poor. Similarly, downtown merchants will object to parking surcharges, which will almost surely reduce their suburban clientele.

Still, preliminary indications are that most citizens are ready to accept some deterrents to driving in cities. In a nationwide poll by the Highway Users Federation, hardly a foe of the automobile, 57% of the respondents were in favor of restrictions on vehicles in cities. In fact, the prospect of less congested, less noisy, less fume-filled cities is rather appealing. The real problems will come in enforcing the Clean Air Act—it provides no federal funds to reward states for compliance and no financial penalties (yet) for noncompliance. In the end, the resolve to clean up the air and improve public health lies squarely with the American people. As Senator Edmund Muskie said two years ago: "Clean air will not come easy, and it will not come cheap."

Back from Extinction

On the outer edges of man's environment live various wild animals that are not likely to survive under the conditions that man has imposed on their surroundings. The U.S. has 101 varieties, known collectively and officially as "endangered species." They range

THE ENDANGERED PEREGRINE FALCON



FOR REEF—CANAL 5



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for carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons and photochemical oxidants—all of which come mainly from cars. Detroit is already working to cut these emissions sharply, but even if the automakers develop highly effective antipollution devices by 1975, there will still be so many old cars on the road that the problem will last until the mid-1980s. In 28 auto-jammed metropolitan areas with 30% of the U.S. population, therefore, the law's mandate is painfully simple: local officials must figure out ways to restrict the use of the car. After their "transportation strategies" are announced, citizens can express their views in public hearings. After that, the plans go to the Environmental Protection Agency for approval, and they must go into effect by 1977.

Gas Rationing. The most startling of the strategies is to be announced in the city that has by far the worst smog problem: Los Angeles. State officials despair—the city is almost completely dependent on cars for transportation—and they asked the EPA to help pro-

from the black-footed ferret, which roams the Dakotas, to Bachman's warbler, which flits through the swamps of the Southeast. In recent years, as the Government made it official policy to save these creatures from going the way of the great auk, the news of threatened extinction has slowly changed to news of survival. Some of the latest developments:

► **PEREGRINE FALCONS.** These birds of prey, which once numbered in the thousands all over the U.S., fell victim to pesticides, which made their eggshells too thin to survive, and now there are fewer than 200 pairs left (except in Alaska). "The impending demise of this beautiful falcon is one of the ecological tragedies of the modern age," says Zoologist Clayton M. White of Brigham Young University. White has helped set up the United Peregrine Society, which plans to build a sanctuary near Klamath Falls, Ore. The aim is to find the falcons' remote nesting places and remove the birds and eggs to man-made shelters. White, who keeps four pairs of falcons on the roof of the zoology building, says, "Given enough time, we can ultimately get enough birds to reintroduce them back into the wilds."

► **BLUE WHALES.** As of a decade ago, whaling fleets had killed so many of these leviathans—the largest creatures on earth, growing up to 150 tons—that their surviving numbers were estimated at only about 1,000. In 1966, by an international agreement, all hunting of blues was banned. Since then, according to the National Marine Fisheries Service, which has made a new estimate based on sightings by commercial whaling ships, the blues have multiplied like oceanic rabbits to a total somewhere between 10,000 and 17,000. Though some oceanographers were surprised at the speed of the whales' return, Robert Miller of the Fisheries Service explained: "The blues, like other whales, have built-in sonar equipment and apparently use it over long distances for underwater communications, with certain signals for different activities"—among them a mating call.

► **TIMBER WOLVES.** There are fewer than 1,000 Eastern timber wolves left in the U.S., but they still raid cattle in northern Minnesota. The state and federal governments therefore worked out a plan whereby hunters would be allowed to kill up to 200 wolves a year within specified boundaries in Minnesota, but there would no longer be the traditional \$50 bounty per wolf. The U.S. Department of the Interior then changed its mind and called for a moratorium on all wolf killing until a conservation program could be worked out. Lewis Regenstein, Washington director of the Fund for Animals, lobbied for the moratorium and was jubilant. "Contrary to legend, wolves are not hostile to man," he says. "There is not a single documented case of a healthy wolf ever attacking a human in the United States without provocation."

Life on a Far-Off Moon?

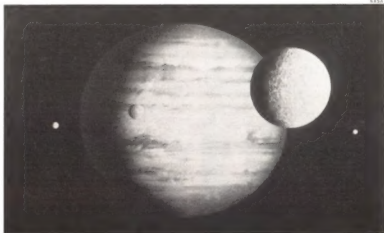
Scientists have abandoned hope of finding life—or any indications that it once existed—on the earth's own desolate moon. But what are the chances of uncovering any signs of life on more distant moons? Focusing their telescopes on satellites of Saturn and Jupiter, astronomers have now discovered evidence that in at least one case suggests that primitive life may indeed exist elsewhere in the solar system.

That possibility was suggested in a recent study of Titan, the largest of Saturn's ten moons, by a team of Cornell University scientists under Astronomer-Exobiologist Carl Sagan. From infra-red and other telescopic measurements of the satellite, a body as large as the planet Mercury, Sagan and his colleagues conclude that Titan is rel-

diants is akin to the primordial "soup" that is believed to have given rise to the first life on earth.

"Titan is a kind of time machine," says Sagan, "enabling us to look backward to the time of the early earth. I don't think life there is out of the question."

The other findings involve Europa and Ganymede, two of Jupiter's twelve moons. According to spectroscopic observations made at Arizona's Kitt Peak National Observatory by a team under M.I.T.'s Carl Pilcher, both bodies seem to be covered by large areas of water ice similar to earthly frost. Two other Jovian moons, Callisto and Io, also show signs of frost particles, but the evidence is slightly less certain. While the discovery of water on Jupiter's four inner moons does not necessarily mean that life forms exist on any of them, the sci-



DRAWING OF PLANET JUPITER & ITS FOUR INNER MOONS
A mix akin to the earth's primordial "soup."

actively much warmer (about -100°F .) than previously estimated. It also has a thicker atmosphere than had been suspected and is leaking small quantities of hydrogen gas into space. Pondering these surprising conditions on Titan, the Cornell group has evolved a picture of a strange and turbulent world.

Time Machine. To account for the higher-than-expected temperatures on a body that is about ten times farther from the sun than the earth is, Sagan explains that Titan's atmosphere must be producing a significant "greenhouse effect"—that is, trapping more heat under its clouds than it radiates back into space. He speculates that those clouds may consist of rust-red organic compounds floating in a thick atmosphere of hydrogen, methane and ammonia coughed up by volcanic eruptions. Exposed to the sun's radiation, the gases could form into complex organic compounds, including sugars, purines and even amino acids. Such a mix of ingre-

entists noted, it increases the possibility.

Both discoveries come at a critical time. NASA has been planning to launch in 1977 two unmanned spacecraft that would reach the vicinity of Jupiter by 1979 and use Jovian gravity to boost themselves past Saturn in 1981. During these missions, the robots could make close-up studies of the moons, particularly Titan (because of their trajectory, they would pass within 100 miles of Saturn's giant satellite). But now these missions seem threatened. Cutbacks in NASA's budget have resulted in the cancellation of two planned high-energy astronomical observatories, as well as development work on a nuclear rocket-propulsion system. Many scientists fear that the next victims of the economy drive will be the combined Jupiter-Saturn probes. That will be particularly disappointing. After the late 1970s, it will be another 20 years before the planets again come close enough to each other for such a trip.

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